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\$10,000

FOR

Mss. Rejection Slips



By \$AM RUD COOK, T. R.

31

\$10,000 For Mss. Rejection Slips



By Sam Rud Cook, T. R.



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AUG -2 1917

No. 1.



∴ Prolegomena ∴



Dear Reader:

Disraeli made a failure when he first attempted to address the House of Commons, but he said: "I have begun many things several times, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but you will hear me some day." From that day he became the leader of the Young England Party.

Perhaps you will not hear me now, yet you shall some day, or some body must!

This is no braggadocio, but confidence in admiration for the "phrase-plays" profession.

What blunders you here see, no wonder to me; your thunder of this will advertise "U. S." the more, so get busy and roar.

This is an autograph copy, which someday might be worth \$10,000—less than one dollar more, even if the Mss are not worth 98c.

With good wishes to all, I am,

Respectfully,

June 1917.
"Silverdale Woods"
Rockport, Ind.

Wilson's White Wargade

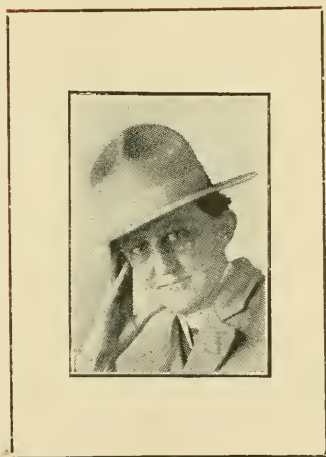
Since Teddy failed to go
With unit 'oer to France,
I should like the world to know—
Wilson's White Wargade, tho
With stronger, greater blow;
Thus end all vile war trance,
So each soul gets fair show
To heaven here advance.

Let Wilson's White Wargade
Have only men with name—
Of Wilson, well arrayed
With manly, noble grade;
So nothing is delayed
In honor of war's game—
For Will's staid, of sons made—
Our nation's valored fame!



Opulence

Of rich things I have seen,
Ambition fills a nitch;
And a stich-in-time keen,
Or kind deed to the mean—
At present we think "bean"
Is treasure worth a hitch;
But valor more serene
Is Governor James Goodrich!



Originator of

Wilson's White Wargade





∴

TOAST

∴



My Dear Sam:

I am just in from a lecture tour, and find your "good stuff" on my table. I have gone thru it carefully, and YOU CERTAINLY SHOW AN INSIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THINGS THAT IS VERY EXCELLENT.

If you are ever in our vicinity I hope you will come and see me.

Yours sincerely,

ELBERT HUBBARD.

Note: The famous philosopher and editor of The Philistine, of East Aurora, N. Y., penned the above just shortly before he lost his life, with his wife, when the Lusitania sunk.

"In my opinion your stories have many good qualities." A. B. Lowder, editor Household Journal, with 400,000 circulation.

"Cook's book proves that this genius has good intellectual powers which he can easily employ for his literary progress and success." Dr. H. P. Holler, President Oriental University, Washington, D. C.

**Executive Department
State of Indiana**

Indianapolis, Ind., May 31, 1917.

Mr. Sam Rud Cook,
Rockport, Ind.
Dear Sir:

I have read your story with considerable enjoyment.
With best wishes, I remain,

Very truly yours,

J. P. GOODRICH, Governor.

"I dare not send you a rejection slip. Your Mss are spritely interesting. "Anna Rankin, editor Southern Woman's Magazine, Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Rankin sent this after reading "\$10,000 for Mss Rejection Slips."



\$10,000 For Mss Rejection Slips

"Kindly find enclosed Mss. and stamp. Send me one of your 'Rejection Slips.'"

That was the note Nat Rep enclosed with various Mss. he submitted to leading magazine editors.

"What does the boob mean? I almost have a desire to accept this Mss.!" exclaimed Editor Birdshot of Somebody's Magazine. "It is a good story, but his name isn't known; besides, he's too original. Guess I'll decline with thanks."

So it went on for weeks, months, years. Finally, Nat prepared a critical review of the lingo blunders of many rejection slips. In part it read:

The Sharp Set Magazine has the habit of saying in R. S. "We are grateful of opportunity to SEE this Mss. AND regret that its use is impossible at this moment."

Would they READ material instead of SEEING they might find something valuable. Besides, they acknowledge they are not only grateful to see the Mss., but grateful to reject, by the use of word AND. BUT should be employed instead of AND regrets. Authors don't expect articles to be used at this moment, but in the next few weeks, or months. In fact, if editors would pay this moment, authors would not care when articles are published.

Another Land & Street Magazine always says: "Mss are read by one editor AND IF FOUND AVAILABLE, will then be considered by others of our publications."

Sure, Mss. are supposed to be read by one, or more, editors, but not by AND IF FOUND AVAILABLE. AND should be cut out and period used.

Another says: "Editors would be glad to give their personal attention to the many who offer their contributions, the very number of these authors makes such a proceeding impossible." Authors don't ask personal attention to themselves, but to their Mss. What number of author are you? I'm No. 1 and "23." What they wish to say is this: "Editors would gladly give personal attention to every Mss. submitted, but the large quantity submitted makes such a proceeding impractical."

The A. D. Sorter Publishing House says: "This Mss. was accompanied by insufficient postage." How can anything be accompanied, yet be insufficient? What they mean to infer is: "The Mss. was NOT accompanied by sufficient postage."

Hundreds of such criticisms were given, with addresses of real publishers, as Nat had the original Rejection Slips in his possession. Then he hunted for a publisher to issue his literary experience. He ran an ad in the Editorial Journal, thus:

"50,000 Rejection Slips for sale. All received by me in 30 years while I tried to sell my Mss."

Nat received scores of offers. One editor sent a detective to investigate. Murphy, the sleuth, found dates, titles, etc., of Nat's records corresponded with editorial tabulations at New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other magazine headquarters.

Finally the detective said: "We will pay you \$10,000 for your collection of Rejection Slips. All we ask is that you give us the sole right to publish your future stories, and let us use photo and history of yourself."

"Good Lord! shouted Nat, as he waved his cap in the air like a British Jackie at Dover defying German Kultur. "Rejection slips! But this is a case where rejections are valuable. I accept your offer."

Soon the book was published. It was eagerly read by editors, reviewers, critics, and especially by 20,000 pseudo-writers. Now Nat Rep has extra offers for more work than he has time to turn out, tho he pounds a standard type-writer eagerly every day from eight in the morning until midnight. However, he is a happy guy and derives much joy from his work.



"When left to shift for yourself," you might do better if you stick to your shift.

Wilson's Famous War Bed

The Beyoar Church was in debt at Lincoln City, Indiana. Rev. I. B. Nice, who was sent there the past year, resigned because Deacon Hardknot proposed to have the Lord's supper conducted with a teaspoonful of synthic wine diluted in a pitcher of Honey Creek water, since Hoosierdom voted "bone dry."

Without a pastor to lead, the church got in debt for its insurance, coal, Sunday School literature, Sexton and Presiding Elder salaries.

Nat Rep who had traveled in Cuba and knew how to conduct a lottery at a Catholic Fair without coming in conflict with the state law, or rather contradicting the administrators of presumptive statute, so he offered his services.

"I'll liquidate your church and get a standing bequest so a pastor can be secured regularly."

"How will you do it?" questioned Deacon Hardknot.

"I know Jim Jones, whose son Tom had a friend named Bill at Princeton college while Woodrow Wilson was President there. Jim said he thot 'they' could induce Wilson to act favorably in this case."

"Tut! tut!" laughed Hardknot. "Those stories of 'they said so, or would so' often do not amount to a hill of beans, tho beans are now high priced. Never depend on 'that's what I say' nor another's 'maybe.'"

"I won't depend on either," replied Nat Rep, getting red hot as melting scads. "I rely chiefly on my own ability in this game. Tom and his friend Bill are now at Washington as lobbyists. But I am here on home ground for vital action. I never undertake what I can't carry out successfully. Now just be quiet and watch me play a big hit in the Yankee League of gumption."

Then Nat Rep ordered *not* three dozen handkerchiefs kissed by Mrs. Wilson to be sold at auction. No, he did the more practical. He took advantage of fate's decree.

As Wilson was coming West to participate in a new preparedness parade at Chicago, he stopped at "Ye Olden Lincoln Tavern" near Nancy Hanks' grave in Spencer County, along the Lincoln Highway. It was a cold December night.

Mr. Wilson put up in the Goodrich room No. 23 at the noted Lincoln Tavern. That night the president became very sick, which his physician diagnosed as a *war* constrained bradycardia. One snow white blanket after another; one weighty comfort and another crazy quilt after the other were piled on, until that bed looked like a stack o' thick barley griddle cakes with home grown molasses heaped upon the genial Wilson.

Nat Rep had hired as nurse, thru Hardknot, who owned the hotel. Nat waited until Dr. Grayson had vanished into an adjoining room, then he jerked off all the covers on Wilson's bed, like a frenzied fireman trying to save something for a Carnegie hero medal.

The president was asleep. When the doctor rushed in he shrieked, "What in the blue-bulbs of blisters do you mean? Leave those covers on; the president will freeze—collapse—die!"

"Don't you know these blankets are valuable?" grinned Nat.

"Maybe; but none too good to warm up the first man of our nation," yelled the physician. But the covers all went off, and another lot were piled on. The latter had been on only one hour when Nat again changed the bed covers. Mr. Wilson, snug in dreamland only smiled when the doctor and Hardknot appeared.

"That nurse must be one of those ginks who believe in a change of policies," laughed Wilson.

"He is my cousin, but must be bug-house. He can't work in my house for any big-bugs," advised Hardknot much excited.

"He is very polite. Don't discharge him unless you first bring him in and let him state his case and tell why he acted that way," arbitrated the president, always going after facts.

"Beg pardon, I changed those covers after Mr. Wilson gave his smiling consent. I did it so we could get numerous real sheets and bedding of which we can *truthfully* say, "Under these President Wilson slept."

"But no man can sleep by being constantly disturbed," raved Hardknot, shaking his fist in Nat's face.

"Oh yes, I thank you, I slept considerable. Let the man state his case fully," laughed Wilson, always willing for campus boys to have a square deal on the green.

"Gentlemen, don't you realize that pillow case and all these quilts are now worth a fortune? I am going to cut them in small particles then sell the infinitesimal parts to

the highest bidders. Thus I will liquidate your Beyoar church here. Everyone is anxious for a souvenir from our great world war president."

"But these are my bed clothing," protested Hardknot.

"They are not; because you agreed yesterday evening to give me the clothing if I would be extra night guard and valet to the president."

"I'll give you \$1,500 for one of the pillows," offered Mr. Wilson.

"It's yours," gleed Nat. "That pays off the church debt and leaves a balance beside. I will still have many more covers to sell, and shall pay you a reasonable price for them."

"I want no pay; if it is a charity scheme, then go to the limit," assured Hardknot.

News of this affair spread like wild fire on a Kansas prairie. Offers for half inch of the bedding "Under which Wilson really slept at the famous old Lincoln home," began to arrive.

Ten thousand dollars was bid by Koolier's Weekly for one inch of the merino wool blanket. One half inch pieces of all the other quilts was sold each for \$10,000 or more to millionaires of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, Indianapolis, Denver, Detroit, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Atlanta and in other cities.

The German Ambassador, Herr Bernstorff, is reported to have bought one before he severed diplomatic relations with America. Ambassador Gerard wired his order from Berlin, just before he came home. Even Franz Robb, the German consul at San Francisco, thot of ordering 1/4 inch, while indicted for conspiracy.

Figuring 672 inches to each quilt, comfort, sheet, of which there were 36, brought the total number of inches up to 23,192, which at an average of \$10,000 per inch netted \$231,920,000. More than the \$10,000,000 loan to Germany, the \$50,000,000 loan to British banks, and the \$100,000,000 French collateral loan. Like bidding for a pie, baked by the prettiest girl in a neighborhood, so to this unique campaign for collecting money for Beyoar church continued unabated. Each one bid to outdo the other, especially when Nat announced 85 per cent of the money would be used for Red Cross work thru Beyoar nurses on battle fields.

After all the quilts, pillow shams, blankets and sheets had been sold, then the auction for each feather began, on which President Wilson had dreamed Mexican quimerico war news and German submarine nightmares. In short there were 4,623,578 feathers in that monster, downy Pekin

duck white feather bed. Each feather brought from \$5 to one million dollars as the fancy struck the bidder. From the feathers alone more money was raised than what the Anglo-French owe Uncle Sam, which is \$500,000,000. It had Wallingford get-rich-quick schemes beat 41 sky-scraper stories high, on the elevator of public enthusiasm.

After Nat had these stupendous funds at his command he was regarded as great and efficient a money raiser as Champion C. S. Ward, who really collected \$30,000,000 for the General Y. M. C. A. work in the past decade.

"Now the question confronts us, what shall we do with this enormous fund, especially the 15% less 5% for expenses and the fabulous accrued interest on funds not turned over to Red Cross?" grinned Mr. Hardknot, president of the Trustee Board of the Beyoar church.

"I'll take care of it," beamed Nat, proud of his Nat Reputation as a raiser of "yellow boys."

"We will pay \$5 to the next pastor of Beyoar church for each joiner he gets who attends church at least half a year."

"Why not give \$5 to any other pastor for each sticking member captured from some church?" urged Hardknot.

"That's good, only Billy Sunday excepted, because that sawdust-trail seducer obtains enough dough wherever he bakes and rips the devil," replied Nat, as the crowd in Post Office yelled, "That's the dope!"

After silence was restored Nat proceeded, "We will donate one million bucks to create a League to Enforce Peace, thus avoid all future wars. Furthermore, we shall grant Kaiser Bill one million thalers if he accedes all territory his army gained in this first submarine war."

"But how will you reward the Hon. Woodrow Wilson? You surely remember he started all this exquisite good fortune for you," proffered Hardknot.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson; who is he? O yes, I surmise he is the boob who believes in 'Watchful Waiting,' so let him wait and see." Just then a telegram was handed to Nat. It read:

"White House.

"Gentlemen:

"Please give me your price for the bedstead on which I reposed in The Lincoln Tavern. His Excellency the Kaiser has abdicated. The Kings of Italy and England may follow, in which case France wants this bed to put all four de-throned kings in, then ship to Tsarskoe Seto, for a 'good-night' to world's Autocracy.

"They offer one billion francs for it. This fund to be applied as reserve power for permanent International

League to Enforce Peace and make the Monroe doctrine practicable all around this earth, even unto other planets.

“W. W.”

Nat Rep trembled like an earthquake beneath the foundation of a Quaker. “Beg pardon, gentlemen, is universal peace really coming from the sale of Wilson’s crazy quilts near Abe Lincoln’s old home? I hope so. Lincoln emancipated the negro slave; may this Tavern and Wilson’s bed liberate the whole world. Then rulers inciting wars will be punished and not only local thugs reprimanded. If this war’s piracy on seas is illegal, then sins of covetousness shall be a thing of the past. Arts, science, all earth’s improvements will remain intact and finally our planet become a veritable paradise. Then trips to Jupiter shall be as easy, delightful and profitable as taking a spin in an auto to exchange farm produce for city commodities. Yes, then the New York Times, San Francisco Bulletin, Chicago Tribune, New Orleans Picayune, Denver Post, Collier’s Weekly, will instruct reporters thus:

“‘Don’t say Mrs. Tilda Thompson, of Evansville, Indiana, is spending the week-end in Palm Beach, or London. Visits among states or nations are too exceedingly common. Only news relating to soarings into other planets are worthy of space.’”

“Oh, grand! but coming down to bed-rock facts, that would be introducing a new era in the world,” spoke Hardknot. “A heavenly consanguinity.”

“Certainly, but please remember all great strata eras are based on beds of rocks,” gloried Nat.

“Well, with all comforts considered, I think you collected your share of the *rocks* to help lay the world on a bed of peace,” concluded Hardknot, amid patriotic cheers for the Red, White and Blue and Wilson.



“Coming slow to something,” is wiser than going fast to nothing.



“When at your wits end,” the middle of another’s reason may save you.

Peppery Pep

Nat Rep rushed into the recruiting office at Rockpeak, Indiana, then shouted:

"What does all this extravagance mean? I see the U. S. Government has authorized Col. F. E. Eastman, depot quartermaster, Central Department of U. S. Army, thru Chicago, to get bids for 423,164 pounds of bacon; 184,534 pounds of flour; 24,000 pounds of beans; 13,000 pounds of salt and 2,228 pounds of pepper."

"Well, what of it?" asked Mr. Dan Sedan, officer in charge.

"It's all right to buy flour, bacon and salt here, but in view of the fact of high prices on beans it seems they ought to be imported from Peru; because on 3c worth of beans a family of four can live three days. It would be a saving to us, and if Americans want to compete with foreign trade, let them lower prices."

"That's what democratic policies endorse," said Sedan.

"But what is good for the people should be practiced by the Government and not pay exorbitant prices when they can buy cheaper abroad," Nat clinched.

"That's what I say," agreed Sedan.

"Another thing, why howl about economy, how Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Marshall and other notable people, have decided to curtail fancy desserts and luxuries as a lesson so common folks will economize? No use, when the army asks for bids on 2,228 pounds of pepper."

"Don't you believe that variety is the spice of life?" was asked.

"No, not in a war conservation crusade, where soldiers are peppered red hot enough with bullets, without gorging stomachs with a condiment—pepper—which has no food value."

"Oh, shut up," growled Bill Smith, a by-stander. "At present retail price that would be only \$1,114."

"Yes, but think of it, that much useless pepper peppered among each of the five army divisions, which would total \$5,570, and again that much for the navy. A useless tax."

"But don't you honestly believe that would put ginger and 'pep' into our nation's defenders?" asked Sedan, with a sage smile.

"Not a bit; it would show the lack of real vitality 'pep' in the brain chambers of our Army and Navy Appropriation Committees."

"What would you advise, as a goods-box grocery orator, to eliminate the pepper?" The crowd snickered.

"I would make it a criminal offense to provide any pepper, or other condiments to the Army or Navy. What they need is real food, and not so many knick-knacks, tobacco or alcohol."

"But pepper is to take the place of alcohol, as a stimulant," said Sedan.

"A man, or woman who loves this country needs no artificial pulmotor to make his heart and skill beat the right way to subdue the foe, or any foreign colonel."

"Is that Col. Pepper he is talking about?" asked a man stepping up.

Billie Smith twinkled, "Yes, he is Col. Sam Pepy's, the guy who wrote one of the most racy, unique diaries in any language."

"Is he any relation to Chas. Pepper, to Col. Roosevelt, or why in the deuce was the book written?" snapped the man full of push.

"Oh man, Billy is stuffing you with peppermint. This talk is about plain black pepper, often called cayenne," saluted Sedan, always willing to correct the boys in any battle of words.

"Cayenne! why I know something of capsicum," volunteered the man, as he surged tighter into the crowd.

"Well, Sandy, let's have it," urged Sedan.

Sandy coughed, then began: "Pepper is principally propagated in India. It bears after stalk is 3 year old, and yields two crop a year, for 12 years—"

"Then loses its 'pep' in stock, so dies," interrupted Billy.

"Sure," agreed Sandy, "and pepper is the most extensively used condiment in this world. It acts on the skin as a rubefacient and vesicant when taken internally. As an external stimulant it relaxes the voula or is good as an ointment for ring worm."

"That proves it. What use has a soldier for pepper? He has no time to relax voulas and if he wants to keep his hat in the ring he won't bother with ring worms," pestered Nat grinningly.

"Hippocrates employed pepper as medicine, Pliny recommended it and in the 13th century a few pounds of this spice were considered a princely present."

"Just so now," interjected Nat. "You hit my contention square. In this 20th century pepper is a detriment to any healthy physique, and it has especially no call in the N. and A."

"I wish to God people would learn more readily and furnish humanity what it vitally requires. Old time fallacies and modern knick-knacks are the cause of high cost of living."

Just then a telegram was handed to Nat by a messenger. He read:

"Charleston, W. Va., where the Government's new armor plate factory shall be located, was annihilated last night. 100,000 Hyphenated Americans and Kaiser Bills plunged suddenly against 500,000 American soldiers camped there, who were playing West Point tennis; dancing New York Bunny Hug and throwing nearly 2,228 pounds of pepper on a dozen 'slackers' of the community who had married to keep US out of war. The pepper was used because no rice was available. The American side lost heavily, 120,000 Yankees were imprisoned by the Dauchund upturned mustache soldiers."

"That proves it again," raved Nat. "What is useless to an army, as pepper, becomes an implement of destructive conspiracy."

In half an hour Nat had a half thousand petitions to congress to abolish pepper in the American Navy and Army.



"When you make it warm for one," two might freeze you out.



"When U R cross as an X," U can't B straight as I.

Spin - Age

"This is not only a fast, whirling age, but the spin-age. They may call you an 'old top' but so long as you pass the right yarn no one can spin the wool over your eyes," sallied Nat Rep, as he accosted Dan Sedan, the handsome U. S. recruiting officer at Rockpeak.

"What's the matter now? Who's been spinning something over your age?" laughed Sedan.

"No one; I've got the stuff growing right now."

"What do you mean? What kind of a scheme are you now fostering?" asked Sedan, much interested in the outcome of Nat's ideas.

"It is really no scheme. It is something practical. Thru our Congressman I got the government to partly donate me 1000, 160 acre tracts in southeastern Alabama. I divided that land into 10 acre tracts."

"Ah, I see, you are going to imitate H. Meiner, who for years supported a Socialist Colony along the St. Lawrence, thru the sales of his famous chocolates. Or, like N. O. Nelson, the millionaire of St. Louis, who has a similar colony near New Orleans. He gives any man a horse, cow, house and all land one can well cultivate, all free, but the land remains Mr. Nelson's."

"I have a better Utopia. These lands the government sold me I will deed free to Alabama negroes, with auto shack for horse and cow included. All I demand is that the negroes put every available space in spinage."

"Spinage! you ought to get the greens because negro mammies almost go wild for a mess of greens."

"Yes, that's why they took up the proposition so readily; altho I have plots awaiting any whites who think it no disgrace to cultivate spinage."

"But what do you know about spinage? Why raise so much? You will flood the markets everywhere," argued Sedan.

"We will not flood the market more than demands require. Spinage was first raised by the Arabs. They fed it to their horses; that's why their famous steeds are full of

red blood, because spinage contains more iron, per volume, than any other vegetable."

"So you want to raise spinage to supplant alfalfa, clover and timothy?"

"No, not necessarily; but let me explain further. Spinage would cure many ills of people. Negroes use it continually; that's why they have clean, pearly white teeth, a good digestion and always ready to laugh heartily. The Indians use its foliage as a puree, and its seeds for inflammation of liver or jaundice.

"Negroes love to play with dice, but they seldom 'throw up' because they eat spinage, thus sport no jaundice."

"That is all interesting and no doubt true, but you fail to explain what your real aim is, in establishing the spinage colony," interrupted Sedan.

"So they can get 'long green' (money) from greens. It is the easiest way of making a living that I know. Haven't you read that Monsieur de Noyer, the French horticulturist and Burbank abroad, has discovered that spinage two or four feet high, with male flowery spikes, and female clusters close to the stem, are valuable for making paper?"

"Fool's-cap, typewriter and magazine paper?" Sedan asked.

"Yes, I have investigated further and find spinage stems, seeds and leaves contain 46 percent of cellulose against 4 percent in stems of wheat straw.

"Furthermore, by following the Crenoble paper-making methods, I have produced paper equal to Japanese tissue or vellum, in its remarkable consistency. The culture of spinage will therefore be a boon to economic conditions, especially when we consider present high price of print paper. On the Alabama farms we have already sufficient spinage to produce enough writing, book and periodical paper for all matters published; in fact, we have in stock 5,976,483 tons of various grades of paper."

"Gee! you've got a great economic idea alright, but what's the price of your spinage paper?" asked a bystander, a local printer.

"I will give paper free to every publisher as long as he publishes a clean paper, book or magazine. Free from political, religious or other graft."

"How can you do that and keep it up?"

"Uncle Sam believes in enlightenment. So he will furnish all paper free, and is glad to do it if people will earnestly read, study and learn. As the cost is only one-third of former price America can well afford to give not only free

books in schools, but gratis paper to publishers and manumit of cost to each subscriber."

"But what about the postage? Must rates be increased? With real freedom of press the mails will be chuck full of papers causing no end of burdens for postmen."

"Instead of rates being increased, all postage should be removed. Like Niles says in 'The Acts of Revolution.' Every state, city, county, village should be tied together by means of the postoffice. It should be a constant injunction to postmasters, to convey the newspapers *free of all charge*. They are not only the vehicles of knowledge and intelligence, but the sentinels of the liberties of our country."

"But with munificent paper stock, exemption of postage, free subscription, the people would be overburdened with tons of trashy papers they never ordered."

"No. Under penalty of \$500 to \$50,000 or as case demands, no publisher dare send anything he publishes unless the gratis sheet for requests has been filled and signed in person by respective subscribers. Furthermore, all people who avail themselves of this co-operation must under statue fine, agree to return to nearest paper junk dealer at 50c 100 lb. every month, all papers discarded. Any violator will be prosecuted."

"That sounds possible, but is it feasible?" pondered Sedan. "Suppose your negroes all went on a strike and no other people would raise spinage, tho the market price is higher than for many other farm products?"

"That would be pot-luck. Tho negroes love culinary greens I believe they will economize enough so we can keep up the manufacture of paper from succulent spinage."

Just then a telegram was handed to Nat. It read:

"The 10,000 negroes you had raising spinage have devoured all the coming crops of that delicious, iron-giving vegetable. The German sailors imprisoned at Ft. Oglethorp escaped, set fire to your supplies and incited negroes against America. Negroes here say they wish to have iron chancellor muscles, like Bismark, so they can overthrow all capitalistic intruders. As you cannot now deliver the 3,000,000 tons of spinage next month, we therefore as the American Vinar Paper Manufacturers, sue you for \$10,000,000 for failure to keep faith with the contract."

"I guess pot-luck is mine," smiled Nat. "I'll go to the Cafe Kregers and see whether my mess o' greens is ready for dinner."

Then everybody near yelled, "Look, there goes a greener!"

Forcing Americanism

"I see the Hotel Biltmore of New York has ceased to use German, Italian and French menus," said Dan Sedan, as he got busy to enroll more men for the U. S. army and navy.

"Is that so?" spoke Nat Rep. "Then I suppose 'Boullaboisse a la Marseillise' becomes 'fish soup,' 'pot de cafe' a pot of coffee, 'dejeuner' a dinner and 'obispillo' merely a large black pudding."

"Yes, no doubt in all leading American hotels like the French Lick of Indiana, The Traymore of Atlantic City, Hot Springs of Arkansas, La Salle of Chicago, with its 1,000 rooms, Ponce de Leon of St. Augustine, the \$4,000,000 Flagler Hotel and others," presumed Sedan. So Nat warmed up for a long spiel.

"I think while they are consolidating American principles, ethics, politics and business, they better make it not only illegal to eat, or sleep at a hotel which torments a foreign menu; but let no one be given any food nor work, if he is in America long enough to be naturalized yet fails to obtain proper papers. Thus cut out the foreigners who come here to horde money, then return to spend it abroad, or war against Uncle Sam when Europe or Asia, calls them to arms."

"But what would we do with the foreign artists, musicians, who feed our brains and hearts on canned music, monologue, opera and amusements?" asked Sedan.

"I would can them unless they do as Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the beloved contralto. She was born near Prague, made her debut in *Il Trovatore*, at Dresden, 1878. But after her appearance in New York, 1898, she soon took out naturalization papers and is now one of the best beloved prima donnas, with such roles as "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath." (By God's decree.)

"Let other foreign-born virtuosos follow her example, or cease to try to entertain the patriotic American public. We can't afford to disgrace the Stage with presumptive Kultur that might harbor bombs, or prove to be a linguistic spy. We like to hear Paderewski play 'Minuet in G,' but

can't think he is in harmony to 'C America Right' unless he reaches one octave higher and pressed with accord his naturalization accompaniment, and also wears stars and stripes on each of his fingers, as well as American Insurance policy.

"Think of Harry Lauder, that indomitable Scottish singer and comedian. How dare he use other than an American corn-cob tobacco pipe and display more of his hairy legs, unless he takes out citizen papers to prove he won't kick our constitution when he sings 'MacGregor's Toast,' or 'When I Get Back to Scotland.'

"Any Scottish singer unnaturalized sounds, to me, instead of singing up-to-date songs, he is putting off on the public the first airs of Scotland of 1627. Scottish music is so peculiar anyway with its omission of the fourth and seventh scale, and consequent absence of semitone. If Lauder won't become a naturalized American his resonant esophagus ought to fail and compel him to go back to digging black diamonds in the Killarney mountains."

"Oh, come off. Let's whistle a real thriller and get in tune with better ideals of an exacting government," urged Sedan.

"That's what I am striving after. So I think the accomplished *siffleur* Guido Gialdin, who was born in Germany, ought to become an American citizen, if he is not, or else cease whistling 'Old Black Joe,' 'Dear Delightful Woman' and 'Dollar Princess.'"

"What about Caruso?"

"If Enrico Caruso, the famous Italian tenor, wishes to continue singing in America not as a 'dago' then let him become naturalized, or his 'La Fatal Pietra' (The Fatal Stone) will revert to a stumbling block, forgotten as the opera 'L'Amico Francasco' in which Caruso made his debut here in 1894. I admire Caruso, especially his habiliament, in which he delights to costume when he pats his large pectoral muscle, while he opens his mouth as Rhadames in Aida. However, I love a plain, brilliant American more, tho he might not be able to sing 'Ladonna e mobile.' (Woman is Fickle). Because a man for freedom's Victory is *never* fickle with Uncle Sam, and is worth more than a contract with Victor up to only 1933."

"Here, you better cut that out. Caruso, and some of the other illustrious impersonators, will have you arrested for trying to be stage manager and citizen censor of America," laughed Sedan.

"Let them come. How would it look now to have the Police Band of Mexico City, render under direction of Senior Velino M. Presa, such pieces as 'Felix Diaz March?' "

"Oh, that would be alright, provided they take Texas, Arizona and New Mexico when they march back," teased Sedan.

"You can make fun of these international problems, but it's going to be serious business to correct malice caused by continual wars."

"Perhaps so, but what do you think of pugilists who wire, or write, to President Wilson offering their services in the war?"

"I think of all slackers those boobs are the meanest. No use to write, or wire. Pugilists do that just to get free advertising, like some virtuosos who refuse to naturalize, so the papers will talk about them.

"If a glove-toter, or anybody in plain fist, wishes to enlist in the A. or N. all they need do is to go to the nearest recruiting office, be examined, then enlist.

"If Jess Willard, the champ pug., offered his service on the battlefield, instead of the ring, he ought to put his hat in the ring and raise the crown up high by banding with American soldier bullet punchers. If he won't, it's like an operation for appendicitis; you hear it was successfully performed, but how the patient performs afterward, you never hear, because so many collapse.

"If Carl Morris desires to be the next champ, as Will Brown says he can be, and if Tom Cowler, Fred Fulton, Frank Moran, Freddie Walsh, Battling Nelson yearn to enlist in army, let them get in the ring and not only in the set newspapers. Or if Emory Titman, the heaviest pug. manager, thinks Eddie O'Keefe, the Phil. bantam, can fight, let him enlist and not only pull wires. Even Jim Corbett, or Fitzsimmons might come back thru the army.

"If Mrs. Farmer, who manages her husband at Tacoma (in the ring only) thinks Frank can knock the stuffing out of the Teutons, let her sign up her hubby for Uncle Sam's defense.

"If Sydney Hatch of Chicago believes he cannot only run a winning marathon, let him sign to track our foes around this world war race. If that brick-layer, who won the 25-mile marathon running race at Boston, April 19th, thinks he can outstrip all comers, then let him sign and show Uncle Sam the value of mortar and brick-bat masonry, for exercise that builds a man upright.

"It's a great thing to offer to fight in Teddy's proposed company, but Uncle Sam always has a company ready to adopt any perfect man without much kneeling, or proposing to Old Glory.

"It should be a crime for anyone to offer themselves for war to the president, then not go. I'd go in a jiffy, if I only had the chance—"

"Wait a minute," advised Sedan, as he clicked on the wireless, and received a message. "From what you have splurged around here, I know you will join the army if given an immediate active chance. I have just wired the Department at Washington and Gen. Pershing instructs me to put you as private in the advance ranks of the First Regiment of Indiana Battery P. P., which means Pink Perfection, sailing for France next week, Monday."

"What! me? Why, I never offered myself. I only was saying what should be done with fellows who offered themselves, or persons who are unnaturalized."

"Yes, but if you won't go, after all the spiel you belched out of your body for vindication on fellowmen, then you are ten billion times more of a parasite and undesirable, unnaturalized citizen," cringed Sedan, red with the blush of a brave officer, as he arose, then quickly walked to the Federal Post office.



"When a man does his best," the worst cannot do that one.



"When biz holds good," nothing bad should give you away.

Censoring Americanism

"I see you are not gone," said Dan Sedan, as he was enrolling new recruits for the U. S. army .

"No," replied Nat Rep. "I was refused because I had a suspicious grin on my mug; because I had a wart on my nose; a corn on my hellex and one incisor out. Besides, when the officer, who was to swear me in, asked, 'Who sent you here?' I replied, 'That old guy,' pointing to you. The officer grilled that guys were only found in civilian life, so because of my handicaps physically and impolite rectitude he ordered me to go home."

"What other peculiarities did you possess?"

"They said I could never enlist unless I was willing to operate for appendicitis, cut wages for war economy, cut slang for popularity, cease to cut up for frivolity and be willing to have 48 stars tattooed on my arm."

"That so? Never heard of it before," assured Sedan. "What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to run for Congress again. They can do anything without being qualified. Then I'll make a law to prohibit publishers, or anybody, spelling Germany with a capital G. That word is an improper noun, so for proper renown it must be hyphenated, thus: germ-any."

"Yes, any other germs of restrictives?" grinned Sedan.

"I think no one but \$3,000 yearly income boobs, and above that, should be taxed to pay seven billion plus all other war debt. Poor and future generations should not be burdened. Besides, there should be a law prohibiting any German, or foreign born person, to enter a public building, unless they have been sterilized with formaldehyde and interrogated with 3,968 questions."

"Yes, that is a protecting, public spirited idea; but who will take time to ask the questions, or help pay cost for such extraordinary national precaution?"

"I can't say; but it may be tried. Even Uncle Sam experiments in testing guns before he adopts, or fires them broadside. Some of my ideas might prove as useful as the Lewis gun which was refused 57 times—or as often as a

successful Mss. is refused—but now America will adopt the Lewis gun after England has made it a success.”

“Yes, big guns don’t know everything; it requires united target practice to make a solid fact defensive democratic republic,” assured Sedan. “But if you cut-throat all things Germania, what about words of Teutonic origin?”

“I would preclude them from future dictionaries, all publications and schools. Such words especially as ‘fusel,’ which means bad liquor or adulterated alcohol. Also the word ‘dolt,’ which in English means ‘fool,’ but in German ‘damned.’

“Furthermore, Snitz, Pretzel, Limberger, Saurkraut, should be tabooed. Besides, mine, nine, kline, and even *hell*. All German descent shall not find further vent in American fine cultured, reformed vernacular. We must strive not so much for reformed syncopated spelling, as for conformed American expression. American lingo demands less impressionism of Imperial foreign brogue.”

“Alright, suppose you write to your Congressmen and urge the change, then when you get elected don’t change your mind, but enlarge the list,” spurred Sedan. “Now have one on this. What will you take, hell oder dunkel?”

“Oh hell! of course,” shouted Nat.

“There, there! That’s enough. You are trapped. You said no one should be allowed to say hell, yet you yell it yourself,” corrected Sedan.

“But you offered me an intoxicant so I tried to tell you what color, clear or dark, I preferred.”

“I offered you no booze; because now in the U. S. Army imbibing is debarred. I said ‘have one on this.’ I meant a light or dark cigar.”

“Holy smokes! Can’t a fellow pop off excess wrath gas once in a while?”

“As a civilian, perhaps; but never as an American soldier, or sailor. I arrest you for profanity in the presence of ladies, because you swore not only by hell, but by holy smokes. You lose the smoke and smell the burn.”

Nat scratched his occiput, then put this over: “Oh, ——X!? blank. That makes a blooded gink full of indignation; but he should see for his own nation’s good that damnation don’t shut up floods of fool talk.” So, haggard and defeated, like a Turk, Nat, the inventor was led to the bastille to censor his own aberrant perissology.

Even inventors are zany sometimes, but the plutocrats who invent war are the vilest jack-puddings; yet you dare not say so in war time or they will jack you up, like a bursted auto tire, then kick you off along the roadside of life's journey and let the junk man collect you for taxes due—to wrong expansion of self or combination.



"To come up to the mark," don't go away with a bad re-mark.



"Nobody knows," how little everybody thinks anybody believes.



"To know what's what," is a counter current Watt to know what's not.

American Kings

"What's on your mind today?" began Dan Sedan.

Nat Rep looked at the handsome khaki uniform the recruiting officer was wearing, then grouched: "Helen White went back on her scrap-of-paper, and again refused me last night. Since I can't get her as my life's queen I am going to make a crusade against all kings. Kings, therefore, are on my mind today and in the head of every American who wants to get ahead."

"Why so? There are no kings in this starred and striped, democratic country," incited Sedan.

"Americans boast of this land of free love, being free of duke and king titles. Yet it isn't.

"Andre De Fonquieres, the Paris Beau Brummel, has observed, 'On the American Coat of Arms should not be *excelsior* but *prodigious*.' He is right. We, as a nation, are not only marvelous in business, but lavish in titles. Russians have not even the title of Mister, yet we harbor not merely one king, but manifold extravagant kings. When a man raises more corn than any other person in a state, he is the 'corn king'; when one produces an enormous crop of wheat he is dubbed the 'wheat king' for a season; when one does well with apples he becomes the 'apple king.' Then we are pestered in every county with the 'cattle king,' the 'horse king,' the 'hog king,' and even the 'billy-goat king,' or the 'mustache king' if one wears whiskers as elongated as Kaiser Bill."

"That's true, only so far as comparativeness of the word is concerned. There is here no actual king degree," argued Sedan.

"Comparative, or superlative degree, that word has reigned long enough. It is not solely used, but abused, like the weakling who sucks soothing syrup. Kings do not always typify great riches. Some kings of nations have been mouse-poor, and cruel as hell, with all manner of torturing devices for subjects. Therefore, king as a title, does not honor a man's past achievements, but rather nullifies it and narrows his future chances; because sundry kings were

imbeciles, figure-heads, grafters and finally abdicators of their thrones. King Francoin was a mountebank and divers kings have abdicated down to Nicholas, Czar of Russia, more than 2,550 in all.

"300 were overthrown ;

"134 assassinated ;

"123 captured in war ;

"108 executed ;

"100 slain in battle ;

"69 forced to abdicate ;

"28 suicided ;

"25 tortured to death ;

"23 went bug-house.

"In our land of liberty I wouldn't wish to be dubbed king for any cause.

"The word *fool* formerly meant a shrewd, witty jester for the king. Now the word king has itself degenerated to represent nothing worthy, in this age of universal democracy.

"I would think it an insult to be called even 'the king of hobos,' as Mr. Eads is heralded, tho Bamfylde Moore Careen (1673-1770), a noted English vagabond, was branded 'King of Beggars.'"

"That's all true, but as cartoonist Goldberg says, 'I never thot of that,' " agreed Sedan. "However, if kings on earth are no good, we must retain that word for kings of the sea, or the ethereal."

"Nothing to it. The herring is called 'king of the sea,' yet it isn't the mightiest, but the shark gets the man over-board every time. While there may be a Supreme Ruler of the Universe, it is unpropitious to denominate Him king. If we so continue, He may prove to be 'the king of the Jews,' but never of legitimate trade.

"We claim America has no kings, yet we differentiate our largest coin—the Almighty Dollar! Almighty refers to the King of Kings, so why use it? Pay tribute with the dollar to no king, and never abuse the word king among the taxed public.

"A pack of cards is a book of four kings, but who cares to play with kings, when racing for booked king titles might dethrone you?

"We read that Kaiser Sigismund used a wrong gender. When informed he over-rode grammar by saying, 'Ego sum Imperator Romanorum, et supra grammatican.'

"However, Kaiser Bill, and all other Kings, Emperors, Mikados, Czars, Kalifs, cannot over-ride the mounted fact

that this whole world is galloping to win the free-for-all race for true humanitarism, universal democracy. Therefore, the theocracy word king must soon be obsolete, because there will be no further need of that foolish nonentity."

"But what will befall the King of the Cross?" asked Sedan.

"He can go to where he came from, the superstitious oblivion. When humanity evolutes and develops so universally kind and genial that all 'do unto others as they would be done by'—before dun is presented for things left undone, then no one will be cross enough to demand a tree on which to crucify dripping blood of earth's reformers.

"The Ancients had 40,000 various gods for all elements and occasions; and the Romans fostered a 'Feast To The Unknown God,' to include any that might have been slighted.

"But the enlightened world has had enough of unknown gods, and too well known kings. The universal people demand liberality in all hearts and arts and marts. We strive for the heaven within you, me, all here, NOW!"

Just then Barnum and Bailey's Circus passed the recruiting office. The King of Beasts broke out! With his sloshing, foaming, lugubrious jaws he grabbed Nat, then rangled him horribly, like a tumble-tug ball over the hobblestone street. Quickly old Leo was shot by his trainer, who leaped out of the golden statuette cage, while the six-team, dapple-gray Perchons snorted and pawed the curb. Nat was hurried in ambulance to The King's Daughters Hospital. When he regained consciousness next day he was asked by Helen White, the sweet-voiced, tidy-gowned Red Cross nurse: "Do you now believe there are some good Kings, especially his Daughters in America?"

"No, they are not kings. You are a queen, if I may hold your hand," Nat particularized.

"You can't. I have my hands too full for care of you. But for a queen of hearts you may dictate how I shall play life's game of love for you; provided you continue your fight to eliminate that dangerous word—king—from American language."

"I'll certainly be proud to do so," he gallantly assured. "But what might I be in your sight, for the next game?"

"Just a full-grown, never full, perfect man," she gloried, while he nibbled her creamy finger, like a man marking the king card when he holds a good hand.

T. R. American

"A few years ago Dr. David Jordan, of Leland University, California, said in a lecture that France was the most helpless nation on earth. Now France has proved to be one of the foremost defensive nations the Kaiser finds impossible to annihilate." Thus Nat Rep sat at his desk and pondered over "World's Wondrous War Ways." Continuing he reasoned, "David Jordan has been dipped in the river of degrees, for he has cognominations of Doctor of Laws, Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Medicine, Doctor of Philosophy. So too, many other college bred folks are lavishly decorated. But what value is it? They often evaporate the wrong think, like other mortals. We are all human. However, experience by conquered degrees, rather than honored conferred degrees, is what counts," Nat mused.

"Well, what are you going to do about it? Can you alter the graft for titles?" asked Miss Flora Gage, who had listened to Nat's soliloquy, as she smilingly tip-toed into his room.

"You know you said yesterday that you could not marry me, and advised me not to go to war."

"Yes."

"Therefore I am now going to run for congress, then pass a law prohibiting in America, not only titles of Dukes and nobility, but every other conferred sheep-skin flattery."

"That would be against the U. S. constitution, and taking away liberties our forefathers won by seeing stars and wearing stripes," vexed Miss Gage, as she looked at a picture of Patrick Henry, with his famous epigram at the base, "Give me liberty, or give me death."

"No. We must conserve not only our natural resources, but realize time is money and save both. So why waste time while reading continually over titles of The Rev. Dr. Jones, D. D., L. L. D., Ph. D., M. A.? Who cares how much Jones knows so long as he knows so little as to burden people constantly wading thru his college pedigree? I'd rather know a man's physical pedigree and ancestry."

"You're right, kid! Go on; let's have your ideas of reform on those lines," earnestly spoke Miss Gage, with a half teasing twitter on her lips.

"The Russians don't even use the title Mister, so I would make it a misdemeanor for any college to grant any degree, and a felony for anyone to accept such."

"What? Also a Lodge?" shrieked Miss Gage.

"Yes," Nat slowly replied.

"That would put the Rebeccas, the Maccabees, and all other Woman's Clubs, Leagues, Societies, as well as men's orders out of order, out of kelter," her breast heaved like Billie Burke's does in a Movie when some one speaks of golden hair.

"No," reasoned Nat, "but it would put every Lodge, College, or University on the expedite efficiency plan. Each student, or member, would be known in life's work by the amount of actual good he does; never by surplus titles he swaggers. There is only one title that should be permitted to real, blue-blooded, unmeasly Americans, no matter what molly-coddle ancestry they had. It is simply 'T. R.'"

"Be a T. R. American. That means strenuous, versatile, like Theo. Roosevelt," she proffered.

"In aims, yes; in pattern not necessarily. Because T. R. stands for something so grand and unexcelled as Teddy of Oyster Bay fame. In fact, it is what made the 27th President powerful as a Solon sage and it will do it for any and all democratic, zealous Americans. Wouldn't your name look neater on a modern American program as Miss Flora Gage, T. R. A. rather than Ph. D., D. C., L. L. D.?"

"Perhaps it would," she acquiesced. "But pray tell me, does T. R. A. stand for 'True Ranking American?'"

"No," Nat shook his head.

"A Truly Radical, Truly Reasonable, Time's Recognized, Times Religion American?" she bombarded.

"Neither."

"Well, whatever it does mean, you better not add T. R. A. to your name or humorists will dub you as a Terrible Ridiculous American, or Tormenting Rheumatic American," argued Flora, as she thot of Mr. Dooley, George Ade, Jack Lait, Irvin Cobb and other great men who tote no degrees, yet by degrees come along and carry themselves well by write.

"You have another guess coming," smiled Nat, as he laid "The World's Wonders War Ways" aside, then took Flora's plump, warm hand. "Shall I really explain to you

what T. R. A. represents?" he cooed, as he pressed her hand to his lips.

"Yes, dear, do," she beckoned, shuffling on a Dexter blue plush chair near Nat.

"T. R. A. means such an American as I will be to you, and can be at war for my country if you only say 'Yes.'"

"I don't expect to take Miss Rankin's place with you in Congress, so I'll say 'certainly,' " she joyed without tears.

"Sweetheart, T. R. A. typifies one who has a National Rep of being a 'True Representative American.'"

"Oh, I never thot of that," she simpered with Goldberg mimicry.



"When anything is noised about," you should be up to the racket.



"If you do an act with heart and soul," let it not be solely for you.

The Slacker

Wanted. Ten Thousand *Slackers*. Address T. R. American, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

So ran the ad in thousands of periodicals.

One man wrote: "I am a real slacker. Have been in the lime-light of white-washing and natural and political cementing business for ten years. I can slack lime so it will make white-wash that must adhere to a fence like a daub sticks to a 'fence' in a robbing scheme. I can also slack lime so it will make white concrete for any walk of life for a man with concrete thots, or rough paths. I don't need a railway employee 8 hour extra pay robbing salary. I'll be glad to work, labor and toil for 10c, one dime, two nicks per diem, provided I can eat all the oysters I catch around your bay."

Nat Rep had inserted the ad, but as he read this reply he surmised some crank, or spy, had been enticed who wished information of Sagamore Hill. "He is tricky," Nat reasoned. "Does he mean to work for a Jap salary of one dime per day? At any rate 10c, one dime, two nicks makes him look like 30c to me," smiled Nat. So Nat changed his tactics by running this ad:

Wanted: Ten Thousand *Slackers*. Address, The Show Down Company, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

A lean, rough boned, typical Creole complected mortal appeared in person. Nat was acting as special guard at Oyster Bay, so the creole accosted:

"I am answering the Show Down ad. Can you tell me where I can find the manager of the Show that's down? I have no money, but—"

"Down where? Down South?" snatched Nat, drawing out the man's ideas.

"Down for an upright actor," cringed the bronzed man, as his teeth gnashed, and his lips viced together.

"Where in the world is an upright actor, not Down and Out?" challenged Nat.

"I—I am one. I am an acrobat, with eye-batting hits, as a slacker on untaut ropes."

"Do you know anything about foreign red-tape, and abhor it? If so, we might measure you up and use you in our Misquito fleet going over to help France give the Kaiser a licking."

Looking grim at Nat the man frowned. "Man, I have had many falls off a slack rope, on land, but I can't fall for joining the navy and be douched."

"You can't fall; you'll be raised to be an admiral, if you are agile, shrewd and proficient in war stratagem," sallied Nat.

"But let's not talk of war; it's more dangerous than playing politics. Remember the 80 grafters sent recently from Evansville. I demand a job as a slacker," argued the man half angrily.

"Slacker! You boob, you are on that job now. You are a died-in-the-wool, ribald slacker—"

"What—what do you mean, Mister?"

"I mean in the meantime what I say, and always so, in your presence! Don't you know in England the person who is in shape to go to war and should, but refuses, he is a *slacker*?"

"No, I never read London Parliament sheets."

"Not required. Open your top-knot by reading American papers, or keep an ear to the ground, then stop! look! listen! A slacker is the most undesirable citizen in America, no matter what his color or nationality," gruffed Nat, as he leveled his K. J. at the applicant.

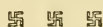
"But, but, oh Lord, Boss, you ain't gon'er blow my coco off, is yo'?" yelled the man, white with sudden astonishment, as he bent his trembling knees, while looking flushed bulldog tenacity eyes at Nat.

"If you want to join an International Show, and wish more than a ghost of a show for liberty hereafter, then enlist with the greatest, grandest glittering paraphernalia on earth—The American Army or Navy. If you don't admire that, then take your chances as a slacker and go as flotsam to the bottom of Heligoland, as food for sharks!"

"Heaven, have a heart, man! Isn't there a chance to get on the stage as a slacker with the other troop here, who advertised as T. R. American?"

"Nit. T. R. American means a True Representative American, so any slacker who applies for work here, then refuses the job, such a nincompoop is no True Representative American," clinched Nat, as the creole bulged out his solar-plexus girth, then grittingly pledged:

"Colonel, whatever you do, put me down for a show in the first ring. I've acted on sawdust, but now I'll eat sawdust crackers, if I can crack shots for cracker-jack liberty over the sinciputs of all opponents of the most stupendous, sublimest, richest nation on earth—Uncle Sam."



"It's easy to die hard," but hard to live easy.



Berlin Spies.

"Do you know," began Nat Rep, "Germany has such shrewd spies in America, they have already discovered that there are 25 Berlins in the United States?"

"Is that so? You don't say! Is it possible?" gasped the dissipated pacifist who always says little as a repeater.

"Yes, the largest of these towns is Berlin, Coos County, New Hampshire, with nearly 10,000 people. The next largest is Berlin, Lake County, Wisconsin, with perhaps 5,000 inhabitants."

"What is the smallest?" demanded the eager pacifist, as anxious to get into vital statistics as Nat Rep, the preparedness enthusiast.

"There are several cross-roads stations by the name of Berlin. Ohio has more Berlins than any other state, including Berlin Crossroads, Berlin Centre, and Berlin Heights."

"According to that the Buckeye state must be inhabited by hyphenated Americans. Were the Tafts and Longworths born in some Berlin of Ohio?" asked a listener.

"No, but listen! Kaiser Bill's inventors have not only perfected the submarine, but Kulture germs have produced a 'vacuum aeroplane.'"

"What! you mean to insinuate they can now sweep the sky? That C-Aviators will descend on New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans and find how sanitary, or filthy, or what dirty works some of the sky-scraper lofts detain or retain?"

"Two to one that's it," laughed Nat. "One guy has already invaded and did to America what the Kaiser planned and demanded."

"What—what's that?"

"Didn't you read in the *Flegender Bletter*, Kaiser Bill vowed if America must fight Germany she should first return indemnity, for usury, then cease abusing the Gott sanctified word *Berlin* for wild-west crossroad villages. If Wilson will not honor the German Imperial Government by re-baptising all such swimming-hole towns, then I. P. G. would invade, molest and abduct all such Berlin named places as her rightful and sole property," assented Nat to the amazed crowd, waiting to hear the morning paper news reeled off by some soap-box orator.

"How can Ger-M any, without germs, capture those inland towns? There may be rights to a name, but surely also fights to the rites of the situation," gnashed the pacifist, bunching up his fist, while he gazed at a dove encircling a picture of Bryan on the wall. "Germany has the rights and the situation at hand, because all those Berlin towns of any consequence, are now off Uncle Sam's hands; yes, off the American map, in the hands of Berlin, Germany."

"How did it happen? Come off your haunches. You are stuffing me with trench-gnats."

"Never; no trench gnats, nor big-bug war guns. I'm shooting off straight, deadly gas. Don't you see the aim?"

"Those physiological German inventors have devised such delicate instruments that anything which has a G-any flavor, aspect or contingency, will respond automatically to the soul-mate of the ether ethics of the opposite locality, machine or people; thus, presto, up go all such blunderbusters that were made for and in imitation of Germany, tho made in America."

"I see. I comprehend. I understand. Yet I stand amazed. How could their machinations suck up all people, animals, money in the American Berlin towns?"

"Because the inventor over there was born in Illinois, the greatest sucker state on the surface of the earth or in the stomach of the globe. Since the U. S. was so dilatory, unpatriotic and refused to buy the machine patent for a reasonable price, therefore the manipulator adjusted the device against its first intents, then sold to Herr Bill for 9,999,999 talers."

"By heck of New York, and buy a close shave some time, do you positively believe those Terrible Richstag members have also a spotted tag on every American who wears an

up-turned Kaiser swirl mustache, and will their machines suck up such mortals to be exported for *saltader* abroad?"

"Sure Mike! Just yesterday I saw a gliding 'aerofleager' dip down like a hawk on an innocent chicken, then he picked up a Von Holywig dude who sported a 1917 angle hairsuit under his smeller, similar to yours."

"Wait-a-second!" shouted the pacifist, as barber Sanford locked his door to go home for night. "I'll give you five bucks if you return, then sever my Mexican steer-horn-Kaiser-Bill mustache."

"Ha! ha!" yelled Nat, "that proves this is going to be a 'World's Wondrous Working War,' of splitting hairs and infinitives."

When the pacifist was in the B-chair, the barber began talking. "That man in whom you were confiding is Nat Rep, the boob who invented the German 'aerofleager,' which sucks up all German attributes and plotters against Wilson, like a cyclone mops up crops, farms and people in the West."

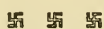
"What!" coughed the pacifist. "Quit gasconading. I'm not going to believe anything till I see facts."

"Then it's too late to prepare for the worst," grinned Sanford.

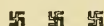
"I don't care; no one will cut up around me after this."

"Alright; here's your mustache. You want it back? I cut it up for fuel in Nat's 'aerofleager.' Burned hair generates a stinking gas. Stench makes things go up in the air—see?"

"Stop," wept the robbed man. "Guess I'll keep still. Goodby."



"For the time being," no being should ask for more time.



Teddy Bears Wanted

Wanted: Ten Million Teddy Bears. Will decorate you with Iron Cross of war and make you eligible to seat in the Riechstag for each T. B. sent us. Address, The German Imperial Get-It-Society, Bern, Germany.

So the ad read in many American periodicals.

"Sure, I'll send them my Teddy Bear I obtained as a booby prize at the Ladies' Aid Social," said Miss Lena Jones,

a suffragette. "Besides, I'll collect a T. B. from my sister's child, and also some from my neighbors."

Other people did similar antics, everywhere in the U. S.

"What's all this fuss mean? Why do they crave Teddy Bears over in Germany?" asked the genial Express Agent at Rockport, who had just billed out T. B.'s by the thousand.

"Oh, I guess for the Red Cross to cheer wounded soldiers," presumed a shipper.

"But I thot Germany has a grudge against Teddy, the real, for hugging war too tight against the Teutons," spoke the Expressman. "Why a substitute?"

"The city of Bern is noted for its statues of bears in street corners, public buildings, parks. Since the originals have been destroyed by Entente Armies, the Germans want some bear substitute. As a repulse at America for joining the Allies, Herr G. proposes to beat her enemy unawares by forcing us to supply the deficiency of bear statues," argued Nat.

"Is that so? Mercy me! and goodness gracious! Then I'll rescind my shipment and take back the various 57 Teddy Bears which the Rebeccas of my neighborhood donated. I don't want an Iron Cross no way; I prefer a gold crown," caved a woman who had the facial blemishes of many typical submarine, high-water skirmishers.

"So say I," chirped Lena Jones, "I'll also favor the Recall, whether I can vote or not; besides, as I can't get enough suffragist votes to get a decent seat in a car, I don't want an unsafe seat in the Riechstag, because I already have too many tags tagging to each day. Mr. Agent, most graciously condescend to please revoke the shipment of 103 T. B.'s just billed for me to Bern."

Then Nat Rep elucidated: "I see that a German inventor sucked up my 'vacuum aerofleager' everybody in the nine Bern towns of America, from Bern, N. Y., with its 1,600 people, to Bern, Iowa, with only a bachelor, old maid, and two Teddy Bears."

"Why those towns?" asked Miss Jones.

"Because those people have German instincts, therefore every family had not only five Dauchhounds, but two score Teddy Bears of different colors and sizes. As the name Bern is German property, the Kaiser demands freedom to abscond with such."

"Oh!" yelled Miss Jones, as she stared at Nat. "Maybe you are a vacillating German spy?"

Nat was mum, but bought a newspaper from a boy shouting "Extra," then read the real intent why Germany wanted Teddy Bears, thus disclosing Zimmerman's secret thru Mexico:

"Germany knows all Teddy Bears cost considerable dinero (dollars). Each bear is filled with real Staff-of-Life brand. As Teutons are in dire need of food we will play upon the womanly emotions of the Yankees, and thereby seduce millions of bears. When emptied we will use the cloth for clothing, but make the brand into nutritious war wafers. Don't disclose this until Wilson declares war against the Krupp and Hohenzeller dynasty. If that inevitable time comes then the Imperial Government of Germany will cooperate with you, dearest Senor Carranza. We will ship you Teddy-bear-brand-new-wafers—provided you'll shoot Sherman's hell not only into Texas, but all of America, then mooch, as your share, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas."

Nat was nonplussed, but he realized what his machination had done. However, now he says his skill as an inventor, plus his body, will be used *to the limit* for American preparedness, as Billy Sunday urges and Teddy's statesmanship and acts bear out. Can you bear to stand still and be bullied?



"Call her doll, lilliputation or pigwidgeon," but chin only the urchin.

The Fanfaronade Queen

A big fanfaronade was planned for Rockpeak, Ind., at which a military preparedness parade was to be the predominating feature. A queen for this gorgeous demonstration was to be chosen. Nat Rep, the farmer journalist and originator, was put on the Press and Arrangement committee. To him, amid other duties, was left the job of conducting a contest, or scheme, to elect a debonair young queen, who was to typify the statue of Liberty on a gigantic red, white and blue flower-decorated auto float.

Of course there were many queenly girls in Pencer County, but Nat believed that competition is not only the life of trade, but the endurance of honor. He did not fancy laws that abridge or abrogate inter-state commerce, nor annul right of freedom, especially since his school chum, Miss Helen White, was abroad. So he sent this ad to the Publisher's Council, Chicago: "Wanted—weeklies to send me group photos of their lady staff contributors. Mention name, age, nationality, religion, financial standing, education and address of each correspondent. We want to get the most congenial, pulchritude *maid in America*, as one day queen of our patriotic fanfaronade. \$50, \$25 and \$10 paid to the three publishers who send best, second and third best photos with complete information. \$500 in cash, or auto given free to girl whom I choose as this queen."

As the live-wire, alert county editors read that item, many shouted, "Eureka! we always said it pays to read ads."

In a few weeks on Nat's mahogany desk lay 1,364 cabinet, composite photographs, depicting glossy shadows of thousands of beautiful, fat, homely, frizzled, pompous, lean females. With each group portrait was a long letter explaining in exalting detail every quality, characteristic, wealth condition, and position each lady represented.

"By heck, the pedigree of each is so charmingly replete my brain is perplexed. I can't decide which is the prettiest, most congenial and debonair.

"Here, Mr. Mayor, please help me out of this predicament," shuffled Nat, as he was indexing the photos to pigeon-hole them, while fumbling over a mass of mail.

"Nix for me," grilled Mayor Stead. "If I should take a hand in that, my wife might claim I ordered those and am picking out my second wife. No, you got your foot in it; now if you are a journalist of real 'pep,' pull thru some way. But remember this, you must get us a peach of a queen for that preparedness parade."

So back to his task Nat spurred his nimble wits. Among the numerous lists were county staff reporters whom editors paid as high as \$5 per week, stamped envelopes and their weekly regularly. Others worked gratis, for the love of scribbling.

In a few days Nat thot he would like to award the \$50 to Mr. Clem Weatherby, editor of Patriotic Power of Booneville. This paper Nat preferred to honor because of this principle, "If you can't find locally what you want, then trade as near at home as possible."

Besides, perhaps the vital reason was that in this Booneville photo was the likeness of one among twelve ugly ladies, more or less ostracized. This one seemingly youthful duckling, petite as the downy white fuzz of an idea, appealed to Nat. Mr. Weatherby described this Miss Mabel Teaswell as being "21 years young, kind, a graduate of Moor's Hill—the college coming to Evansville. A stenographer, a musician of note, without and with notes; a Protestant, only child of a farmer, and worth in her own name \$18,000."

Therefore Nat got busy. This girl a steno, could help Nat maybe in his ambitious literary efforts. He wrote:

"Miss Teaswell:

"I see you are a talented correspondent for Patriotic Power. I have decided to give that publisher \$50, first prize, for the information and photo he furnished—provided you accept \$500 or auto, then be the queen of our Fanfaronade July 4th."

To Nat's dismay that letter was returned stamped, "Can't be found." Nat scratched his head like a bald-pated man solving for ideas—to make 'em grow, the idea! Soon he mailed that letter to Bob Gritt, a bank detective, and asked for facts. Five dollars was enclosed as fee.

Bob Gritt phoned next day: "Yes, Miss Teaswell was correspondent here six months ago. She is now dead. I showed your letter to the editor of P. P. and he urged me to phone you to rush the \$50 and choose one of the other ladies as queen."

"I can't do that. Too many other better looking competitors," shrieked Nat into the hard rubber nickeled transmitter.

"But if you won't send \$50 I must charge you double our regular fees, and the editor says he will sue for the amount due him on your responsible promise."

"If you will read my letter carefully, you will observe I said to Miss Teaswell \$50 belongs to P. P. *provided* she accepts \$500 or auto."

"Well, I'll accept the auto—send it on," cringed the sleuth."

"Are you a female?" laughed Nat.

"Hey! hey! hang up there. Quit calling up all these pretty girls. Haven't you found a queen for the Fanfaronade?" shouted the postmaster, as he entered Nat's den.

"By sweet ginger, with the spice of by-products soared, this is more of a 'sell' than I anticipated. I can't get the products, or subjects, I want for my objective view point," worried Nat. Slowly he pulled out several big photos on which were fac simile representations of graceful women, smiling maids, curly-cue beauties. One was from The Spotlight of Ypsilanti, Michigan. "There is a dimpled damsel whom I should now love to have—"

"You! you! I thot you was getting the queen for the carnival," laughed the P. M.

"I was; that is, I aim to, if I can can one," retaliated Nat. "I was going to say I would like to have that one as *our* queen," pointing to one Miss Alice Drexel.

"Yes, but that photo is soiled on the left, and faded on the upper right hand corner. It isn't the most perfect photo you received in this contest; so the Post office authorities might nab you for misconduct if you scheme to pass that as a winner," advised Charlie Chaplin Singmore, the pink perfection P. M.

"Who is the judge? I am; the prize goes to what photo I think the best irrespective of postal laws, or other causes or flaws," Nat grilled, amid a determined glare in his cornea.

Just as Nat was scooting up his typewriter to reply to three publishers, one of which was the Spotlight editor, the postmaster handed Nat a bunch of letters, and a notice from the P. M. General of Washington. The injunction said:

"You are conducting an illegal lottery scheme. Altho no fee is charged, you have no right and each publisher is similarly implicated, in broadcasting the addresses and descriptions of respectable ladies. Cease the fanatic practice immediately, or stand the indictment."

Nat trembled, then looked askance at the cud-munching P. M. who was coughing and hoping he could make a po-

litical hit with Nat, so he proffered, "Don't worry kid. Do as they say. I'll help you out, see? Then you aid me in future campaigns."

"Help nothing! you are stuffing blue acorns down my windpipe. Aid to the wounded is appreciated, but I am not yet crippled. I'll settle this mess myself."

So he had his stenographer duplicate copies of a special letter to the three publishers to whom Nat wished to award the \$50, \$25 and \$10. It informed in part:

"You win a prize as noted above. Of course you will assure me your staff contributors knew of this contest and were willing to be listed accordingly."

The reply from each publisher was:

"Sorry, pal, but we have just been informed by postmaster to 'cut-it-out.' We did not know whether we would win a prize or not, so sent the picture without any of the ladies knowing, and we hoped for a surprise. Now we got it, but reversed. Because some of these constituents read news despatches that you were notified to cease trying to get a carnival queen by secret methods thru local editors.

"Each lady asked us if we were implicated. Therefore we must not only desist to have anything whatsoever to do with your matrimonial lottery, but some of the hags threaten to sue you and us for leading them into something fishy without their written permit."

"Holy Moses!" yelled Nat. "Guess I'll abdicate like the Czar, then go to Israel and stay 40 years in the wilderness without a honey. It's a pity I can't lead the children of Rockpeak, with my queen in this land of promisory notes and delayed preparedness."

At this juncture the postman threw a letter upon Nat's desk. The schemer opened it, then read: "I just heard that you offer \$50 to the editor who sends best photo of staff contributors. One of the ladies on said photo to be chosen queen of your carnival and win \$500 cash or auto. I have six country scribes. I'll send you photo, names, etc., if you wire me to that effect. The Suffraget Slogan, Oconomoc, Wisconsin."

Nat beamed brightly, "That's my pippin! Since all other papers have rescinded interest in this contest I am free to act. As the time is short I'll wire \$50 and order the Suffraget to rush me that photo, then I'll pick out the most beautiful little chicken. Even if she hasn't a dollar to her name, I'll perch her on the throne of Liberty in our coming grand parade."

Quickly Nat searched for a telegram sheet. Biting his pencil, while looking wild-eyed, he continued: "Shucks! on second thot, I won't take any chances to again lose. I must have a queen here July 4th. I'll instruct the obliging contemporary of the S. S. to rush me the name, address, age, religion, financial condition, nationality of the lady in the farthest top right hand corner of his group of writers. A woman's a woman so what's the difference? They all are cute, if a man only thinks so."

When the telegram came, it divulged these startling statements: "Picture will arrive in few days. The lady farthest to top right hand corner is myself—Mrs. Billy Bowser. I live in the country, but go to town once a month to print the Suffraget Slogan. I've been married five times. I got a divorce from last husband because he said women had no rgiht to vote. I have one red-headed boy and 13 daughters, all single. I am 59 years young. I confess no religion, except to be true to the man who lets me be queen not only for a day but until Doomsday. I possess no money, but hope I can pay off my \$9,800 mortgage on my press, if I get the right man to elect me to Congress. I am a German by birth, and Irish by mirth. It's no joke I harbor no admiration for hyphenated love words, but I adore the male who makes a lovely dash for me."

When Nat had finished he was purple as a skinned frog, and almost unable to hop, or step farther. He ventured, "I won't look at her picture when it comes. I know too much now." He buried his head in his hands, like a woman defeated in despair of nothing. Next day a package was placed on his desk. Adroitly he raised it.

"I'll take a peep at it. Maybe it is the old skate and she's pretty."

As he unrolled the package he spied instantly that all the ladies were as old as Methuselah, and ugly as bridge-mortar slapped against concrete finishing.

"I'll keep the soft pedal," he gritted. "She will never be the queen; that's sure."

He set his right foot down, and his teeth snapped up as into the room came a graceful, sweet girl of 18 bright summers.

"Howdy do, Helen White. I am so proud to see you. I thot you had forgotten me. How did you enjoy South America? Glad you didn't get drowned when the Laconia sank," Nat gleed.

After grasping hands heartily and explaining exciting, special features of her trip around the world during the war

crisis, the polite and refined daughter of the richest landowner in Pencer County offered:

"I hear you have failed in your attempts to get an imported queen for the Fanfaronade. If I am not intruding may I suggest Miss Alta Beatley? She's an Owensboro, Kentucky, blue grass born beauty."

"Oh, she and I played outs long ago, and she tried to put all the girls in the town against me. That's why I wanted to get a foreign model for revenge."

"I wish I might propose some one foreign enough to fill the bill," Helen smiled, as she brushed the Japan lace on her decollete gown.

"You shall, Miss Helen, if you grant me the grandiloquent honor to nominate yourself," Nat blushed as he eyed her pink, plump form.

"Me! oh I fear I can't pay sufficient duty to enter the trade of queens," Miss White jollied, as she grabbed Nat's hand, then swung it back and forth, like a baby in cupid's hammock.

"Yes, you can; no use joshing. You are it!" assured Nat, as he tickled her chitty-chatty chin.

"I don't know. You must see mamma about it."

"Never. You are old enough to vote, even if too young to protest," replied Nat.

So the prize auto was bought with the Committee funds, then decorated profusely for Miss Helen White, on which she enticingly, gracefully depicted the statue of Liberty in the far heralded parade. Thousands of people, from every nook in the county, witnessed the superb, beautiful floats. Helen White was the ideal of all, with Nat Rep as Uncle Sam, at her side for protection.

That night at the grand ball Nat took his queen Helen to a secluded niche under giant, potted Florida palms. Then he asked life's olden, golden question: "Is it war, or peace, between you and I hereafter?" he whispered.

"Shee! listen! be still. It's peace, if I may be your dove," she cooed.

"That grants our paradise," he owned proudly, as he kissed her hand.

Suddenly there yelled a voice, "Is Nat Rep here?"

After he was pointed out, a gauky, mackrel-shaped woman approached Nat, indignantly.

"I am Mrs. Billy Bowser. You ordered me queen of this carnival, so I am yours for life's crown."

"Oh Nat, did you correspond with such a freak?" shivered Helen, as she huddled under his massive, manly shoulders.

"Oh, come off!" roared sheriff Catsman. "Nat told me he expected trouble from competitors. You can keep the \$50, which is all he promised, but I'll lock you up until you decide to go home and tend to your Suffrage Slogan."

After three days of fasting and arguing for car fare Mrs. Bowser decided to return to Oconomonoc.

Now Helen's parents have announced the wedding of their only child to Nat Rep who still holds a National Rep as a unique schemer.



"Some people would pay in full," but it's against the law to pay while full.

Taking His Own Medicine

Nat Rep sent a war story to the Hubnob Magazine of New York. With it he enclosed this note: "Please accept for usual rates. Answer at once."

In hebdominal time the story returned to Persimmons-ville, Indiana, with this pert note from the editor: "Sorry. We are answering *at once*."

Then Nat replied:

Dear Sir:

We all make mistakes, but before trying to correct another person one had better be certain he makes no blunder in his attack. You have been kind to me in that you always took time to write me personally and did not enclose the usual printed rejection slip. When you said one time, "You could write great stories, if you would take more time to construct them," that put me on the road to real literary preparedness. Of late you could find no fault with my tales, but you always had too much similar matter. Of course I write no similar stuff, but all original; yet what can a mere Hoosier author do to butt in successfully with a Yankee publisher? I just kept mum and worked, studied on. However, since you now attack my letters I am constrained to say the submarine belittling of my skill and rights has gone far enough. My letters are not for publication and are often written in a hurry, so why take your valuable time to chide, or correct them, especially when in your attack you blunder yourself?

Your stenographer should have underscored the words "*at once*" with the typewriter, but you took time by the forelock to grasp a pen to underscore. It is dauby and inelegant. Again, while some boobs object to the phrase "*at once*" it is as common and proper as your "*widow-woman*." Besides, I knew you had kept former Mss. for several months, but as this was a timely article it needed immediate response. I hold "*at once*" is just as grammatical as "*forthwith*," or "*at last*," "*at all*," "*at any rate*," "*at a stand*," "*at a stand still*," of whiskey and going on the water wagon. "*At once*"

is as legal as "without delay," "post haste," "before long," "pretty soon."

Tho provincial I hear Shakespeare say, "Get thee out from hence *at once*, oh Brutus!" Roosevelt in The Metropolitan says "at once," April issue.

After reading all this evidence, the editor of the Hubnob Magazine smiled. "By heck, he can argue like a woman with no foundation of fact. Wonder he didn't quote the Bible as approving the phrase "at once." I'll tell him to send me a story."

Nat sallied back, "I don't do C. O. D. biz with overbearing, critical editors."

"Then I'll send the guy \$25 for a story," the editor mused.

When Nat got the coin he wrote: "Thanks, this pays for the story you read regarding 'at once,' or 'Taking His Own Medicine.'"

"Geerusalem! hasn't he cheek? This must be a miniature Wilson-Kaiser exchange of notes, so I won't be out-classed but send him \$50 to show I am game and order him to send me something good."

After Nat cashed the check he continued to write, but paid no attention to the Hubnob Magazine. Finally the editor sent a wire with this "raving" threat: "You are writing for others. Stop it. You hold \$50 of mine which I sent for a manuscript. Rush it on, or return the money, else we will be compelled to place this matter in our attorney's hands."

"Place it," wrote Nat. "You did not order a Mss., but said, 'Send something good.' I will now do this. Under separate cover registered, I mail a bottle of my patented ink which you can use to underscore future phrases of 'at once,' any time you find time to do so. Now—what will you do?"

"Keep the money," wrote the editor. "We are square enough to realize when we are beaten. Send us any Mss. you have in the near future and we will pay you 5c a word."

"Ha!" laughed Nat, "that shows an author must talk his wares into print, just like a drummer beats sal soda sales into the grocer."

The Liar Trapped

"I'll just swipe that tire. I need one and no person will suspicion me," gloried Rev. Tom Hildebrandt, of the Grandview Salem church, as he dashed his big Studemaker auto near the town pump. In the dusk he sauntered near the Argo car, then helped himself to canned wind.

There was a fire at Coddling's warehouse at the Ohio landing and everybody was storming to get to that blaze. The abduction of the mute tire was therefore simple, and the Rev. rattled home past Dr. Clear's residence to his own manse. Once there, he quickly adjusted the new tire and laid aside the punctured and plastered old.

The next day the fire and tire loss were the talk of that burg.

"Bro. Hildebrandt, are you a good detective?" asked Marshal Burguson.

"No. What—what's up? Some one steal an auto tire?" the Reverend stammered.

"No, we were just considering to make up a fund, then get some Pinkerton man after the fire fiend," spoke Mr. Randal, the richest man in town.

"Oh, I—I was think—why, sure, of course, that's the fifth fire in ten days we have had here, so something had better be done," replied the pastor.

Marshal Burguson noticed the perceptible uncommon irritation under which the pastor talked. Burguson was mum, but went to Hildebrandt's house to investigate.

"By heck of New York, and buy nothing of a preacher, this proves my contentions and clinches my tire clue," grinned Burguson, as he examined the new tire on the back right wheel and found a private mark on it. Then he saw the old tire. Instantly he went to Mr. Coddling's office at the Flour Mill, where he expostulated: "What are the markings on your lost tire, Dan?"

"Nothing but 'D. C.'"

"Then you owe me the \$100 reward you offered a few hours ago. I think I have landed the thief."

"Who is he?"

"The Rev. Tom Hildebrandt."

"What, my pastor? Surely not. Oh, if so, we better keep the soft pedal."

"Silence is golden, but it will rust on you if you refuse to have the brass to fight it out," retaliated the officer, as he proudly swung his mace.

Rev. Hildebrandt had served the church six months. He was a graduate of DePaw, and was to be married to Miss Alice McCoy, one of the charming young ladies of the beautiful town. When Miss McCoy heard of the case, she agonized:

"Oh, it cannot be. Tom is a man of God. I shall not believe him guilty until so proven."

The following Tuesday, Hildebrandt was tried before Esquire Mosback in the village court.

"'D. C.' is on the tire, which means Dan Coddling," claimed Burguson.

"Wrong; 'D. C.' means District of Columbia; that's where I bought it," dissented the pastor.

"No Mail Order Houses in that District, and nothing was shipped to the accused since he is here," substantiated the Express Agent.

"You stole this tire, didn't you?" spoke the Marshal confidently.

"You're a liar," retorted the Gospel man, as he pranced and acted a sermon of devilish wrath. After considerable more cross-examining, Hildebrandt confessed to the theft, by saying:

"Gentlemen, I'm guilty; but by the grace of God, have mercy."

"We will, but for the manly grace of the town we order you to immediately vamoose, or be tarred and feathered tonight," roared the basso voice of Dutch Vinderhoop.

"All I ask, may I yet see my sweetheart?" he wept, as he gritted his teeth and began to tear a gunny sack into shreds.

"No, a person who will steal a tire while a neighbor's grain is burning, will do almost anything criminal; therefore, you are not a fit subject to further wait on the pulchritude lady in question," decreed Mosback, while the crowd cheered.

On the following traction car the long, black-frosted man disappeared, via Evansville. Nothing was heard of Hildebrandt for a long time. In fact the josh was that he had gone the long way to Tipperary. Nobody cared but Alice. Suddenly one week, after many months, The Meteor reported:

“Special Despatch: It is said that Ned V. Tilborn, the Cincinnati millionaire banker and traveler, saw Rev. Tom Hildebrandt in Borneo, doing excellent work among the Dyaks.”

That item was worth the price of the local paper many times over, to that eager and anticipating heart of the loyal Hoosier girl.

Miss McCoy set her wits to planning. Before many weeks, Bishop Doering, of the Diocese of South Dutch Colony in Borneo, received a letter explaining Cupid and asking definite particulars of Rev. Tom Hildebrandt. In due time the lovers corresponded, and the suitor sent money for Alice to meet him, as she was now 19 springs young.

“You shall not go,” sternly protested her parents.

However, determination has a method of incorporating its constitutional rights, so the coy Miss deserted her nice Indiana home, as she took the Owl car South.

Great plans were being laid for the wedding at Borneo, and the Bishop cheered:

“When your inamorato arrives, we shall increase your salary 20% and you may have the position of Superintendent of The Mission Home.”

Finally the steamer St. John puffed past the Pamarung Islands, and went up the Koetei river. They landed at Samarinda, a city of 10,000 blacks, dutch and other races, the largest city of Borneo. As the two lovers embraced each other, with satisfying smacks, the Dyaks gazed on, then rattled: “Lootze he ee rez Amkernus.” (Looks like sweet-hearts of America).

“Yes,” joyed Hildebrandt, in Dyak lingo, “this is my soul affinity mate to whom I never told a lie.”

But lies, or *suggestio falsi* and sins, evidently travel far. It seems the Chief of the Dyaks had heard of Hildebrandt’s record, so in plain English he commanded:

“He big fool. He stole, then told the lady a suppressio veri, by saying he didn’t steal the tire. That act don’t count here, but the fact that he just here boasted he never told a lie, makes him a liar, for whose specie we have no use, so kill him.”

Instantly a hundred negroes, bushwhackers, half-naked men and women rushed on the preacher. Alice struggled vehemently trying to liberate the captive.

It was a fierce strife, with knives, clubs, tommy-hawks dangling in varied directions. "Be merciful," she plead to the Bishop.

"Why don't you intercede? Horrors! don't you see the glaring bowie knives? They will murder my life mate."

Sorrowfully, but bravely and calmly the Bishop enlightened: "It is my hearty prayer that Hildebrandt be commuted. But it is beyond my immediate power to assist, or cover up any lies in this country; because, all who fib here must assuredly die, tho a falsehood may pass unmolested in America."

The next day a giant mound was on the spot where Hildebrandt had met his doom. These mounds are frequently erected to falsifiers in Koetei so all Dyaks may remember the severity of corruptive Ananias habits.

Alice knelt, with intense grief, on that mound: "Oh, God, what will now become of me in this far, unknown country? Had I only renounced the liar when first discovered. Ah, how sweet old Hoosier land now seems!"



"No matter if you are on your last pegs," make those pegs last.

Selling Defunct Papers

That indefatigable Hoosier, Nat Rep, ever alert to new timely schemes for profit, noticed frequently some publishers advertising that they would buy publications going out of business.

Nat knew the postal law says, "No paper dare suspend publication, after it has a legitimate paid subscription list, passing as second class, unless the editor sells, or arranges with another publisher so subscribers will receive some paper as recompense for balance of their paid subscriptions."

"I own no paper," said Nat, "but am intimately acquainted with a few publishers who would sell at an extremely low price, owing to the present excessive cost of paper stock. I'll buy, or trade them my Texas grazing land in Brewster, the largest county of Uncle Sam's, and I'll do it before Germany donates Mexico that section." Nat's eyes sparkled, as do those of Luoff the new Russian Prime Minister of War. Nat's sedulous ambition was rife on the war path of shrewd biz.

"No, I won't buy," he halted. "If Prince Luoff could organize the All-Russian Zemstoo Union with fifteen men, then increase that army to one million in 30 months, I too can do something worthy in my line of endeavor—the newspaper jobbing business.

"I won't bother with old, defunct papers, but start new ones of my own, then palm them off, before many issues expense to me, on the aspiring folks who crave to behold their name blazoned under columns something like this:

THE ROASTER

Published weekly at Rockport, Ind.

Price \$1.50 year.

Sample 10c.

Entered as second class matter in a third class post office by a first class editor—

BILL SMITH.

Thus Nat went to work under the plan he had formulated. He sent 25c to the Consolidated Magazine Syndicate of St. Louis, for which he received prepaid 25 copies of a

9x12, 20-page magazine, with privilege of charging 5c per word for ads and retaining 2c on each word. Said ads to run in one hundred syndicated magazines. One copy mailed for one cent postage.

The first paper Nat called The Roaster. It was mailed to a select list of lady friends, and a few of Nat's enemies, who had scoffed at the idea of being an author, or publisher. A copy was sent to the local Journal, also 25c for which they ran this boost: "The Journal is in receipt of The Roaster, a unique magazine published by Nat Rep, our author-friend in the woods of Persimmons-ville, near Rockport. It is an excellent paper and bespeaks well for the journalistic ambitions of Mr. Nat Rep, who will no doubt some day have a National Reputation as a versatile author."

"Talk about revenge," laughed Nat, "that fluffy-taffy, if read by my friends and foes, is enough to put me in good standing with everybody hereafter."

But the coveted subscriptions were slow in coming. In fact, a few of the men returned the Roaster. Mabel Good, who once got mad as a wet hen because Nat gave popcorn to Amanda Jones before he handed it to Miss Good, she therefore wrote:

"Keep your Roaster. What I want is a cook, whoever marries me. But mother says you're too timid; she don't like you, besides a newspaper man has the most rotten profession going."

Nat looked glum, however he knew like a politician, what he was promulgating; so he continued to carry his ideas to perfection.

The next month he had added two other similar periodicals, under the caption of "Patriotic Preparation" and "Love's Weekly Record."

When Mabel Good heard about the new magazine, "Love's Weekly Record," she opined: "It's too awfully bad I sent Nat that scathing retort last month. He must be making money by those papers. I see he is starting new mags as fast as is Sir Alfred Harmsworth of London, Munsey of New York, or that man of the Muncie, Indiana, Star. Nat has now not only two monthlies, but that 'Love's Weekly Record.' Title is so appealing as 'V's Eyes.' I'd love to die if I could only see a copy. I'll send for a free sample."

Nat in cold business manner replied: "Sample copy never free. One dime, please. This is no charity institution."

"Gee!" roared Miss Mabel, "I thot publishers were glad to get a chance to send copies of their paper to interested people. Nat is already puffed up. He has so many ads in

"The Roaster I know he now has oodles of kale, because Breakfast Food, Tobacco and Mail Order House ads bring the dosh."

The inexperienced girl did not realize that those advertisements were syndicated and most of them were gotten by the firm, so Nat from them derived no profits. Such concerns are glad to have pseudo-pretentious publishers order a few dozen, or hundred copies, then proudly mail them to friends. Thus the ads are carefully, widely circulated without much cost to the Syndicate.

By this time Nat had written to The Rompton's Agency of Cleveland, who agreed to furnish legitimate subscriptions for Nat's three publications, at no expense to Nat. It almost seemed too good to be true.

"How can you do it gratis?" asked Nat.

"Because we get our pay from our agents who solicit in clubs. We are eager to list your papers, as it gives extra inducement for our enlarging operations."

"Can I get second class rates immediately, if you furnish the subscriptions?" demanded Nat, figuring on the cost of postage.

"Certainly, if you follow our instructions, and keep your price as we agree, then clear all orders we get. Just get out a few samples."

So in a few days Nat got out small editions of The Roaster, Love's Weekly Record and Patriotic Preparation. He sent copies to Rompton's, who appeared in person and handed Nat, in a few weeks, 500 bona fide subs for The Roaster, 5,000 for Love's Weekly Record and 10,000 for Patriotic Preparation.

In the meantime Nat had run this classified ad in The Printers Auxiliary, of Chicago.

"Legitimate sub list of three papers for sale. Owing to Russian revolution and my wife's constitution I will sell reasonable."

Many replied. Nat by correspondence and telegram tried especially to sell The Roaster; but the buyers surmised it was a sort of muckraker, so did not wish to cater to such a list. One fellow wrote, "If you had 'The Booster' I might buy," which proved there sometimes is something in a name. Finally, however, Nat sold the 500 list to Nathan Strong, of Cincinnati, for \$100. Strong said he wanted to roast Congressman Longworth and Hon. Chas. Taft, the publisher. I am afraid instead of a roast, Mr. Strong will give only a weak scorching.

Next, Nat received several offers for Patriotic Preparation 10,000 list, and sold for the best cash offer at \$2,500 to

Sam Blythe, of Portland, Oregon. Evidently Mr. Blythe felt the need of some sort of preparedness in the northwest. I am told this Sam is 42nd cousin of "S. B." of Washington, D. C., fame.

To Nat's further surprise Mabel Good was one of the many who answered: "Saw your ad in P. Aux. I'll pay you \$1,000 for bona fide list of 5,000 subs to any good weekly."

Nat smiled. "This is such a romantic episode I must go in person to see Mabel." So he duded up, like a Harry Lehr imitation, then walked across the Willow Pond neighborhood, over blue grass, amid Spring's golden-headed dandelions, to his neighbor's farm home—the Romanoff Goods, who had immigrated from Petrograd, but were naturalized and sympathizers for everything made in America.

When Nat rang the nickel bell on the Florida yellow pine, Jap-lap ingrained front door, Mrs. Good answered.

"Don't you see that sign? We are sufficiently modernized Americans to have Yankee ways," raved the big, buxom Moscow-shaped woman.

"Yes, I see it says 'All goods delivered in the back,' so madam, if you will turn your back I'll rub it in what I have to say, like an osteopath while readjusting a backbone," retorted Nat, wrathfully.

"You fresh up-start! don't you affront me with slanderous, back-biting remarks." Then she cooled on an after-thought. "Really, on the side, to lay this aside, I admire your side-splitting brass. I should like my inclined literary daughter, Mabel, to meet you. Perhaps you could be her Press Agent."

"Thank you," scintillated Nat, as Mrs. Good yelled for her daughter.

"I'll press her, alright, if she gives me half a chance," soliloquized Nat.

When the debonair, daughter arrived in her milk-maid togs, with a De Pellet Cream Separator sign on her apron, Nat advanced.

"I represent a New York Syndicate, who sell defunct papers' subscription lists to other publishers. I hear you want to launch a weekly, so I will sell you a bona fide list of 5,000 subscriptions for \$1,000 cash."

After sucking the milled rubber end of a No. 2 thick leaded editorial soft pencil, and saying, "Listen, listen," a half dozen times automatically, Miss Mabel coyly surmised:

"That's rather exorbitant, and so expensive as a new Spring orange sprayed Panama hat; but—but—"

"Yes; but; but it's cheaper than waiting for Villa agents to get enough subs for second class rates," argued Nat.

"I believe that's so; besides, when I have a good sub list I can charge more for ads, thus make money from the first issues," attested Mabel, as she began unconsciously, or proudly to recite a few lines of her latest rhapsody effusions:

"Tho the Czar fell
By good revolution,
Kaiser goes to hell
Lacking constitution!"

"Well, by the jam of preservation and the shove of reservation, what are you going to do about it?" yelled Mrs. G. as tho she was the boss of the throne in that domicile. "Want this gentleman to wait all week, or until Congress meets again to approve Wilson's patriotism? You know your pa said he would furnish \$2,000 if you want to establish a paper, as it was cheaper to print your own stuff than to pay due postage on returned Mss."

"I guess, that is I—I suppose I will take your paper list, provided I can have it for \$998.69; and if you will tell me the name of your paper," dilly-dallied and jewed Mabel, like she was in front of a 98c shopping counter.

"Of course it is necessary that the name of my paper is mentioned in the contract, even tho we don't get credit for items others copy," replied Nat, "but it is mutually understood that no matter what the name, you will buy my paper as agreed."

"Sure, write up the proper papers," urged Mrs. G. Then Nat sat on their concrete steps as he began to fill out blank spaces in a typed document, while Mabel warbled around like a Russian belle gulping vodek, as she danced a Spanish jota, and winked at Nat from the nose-adjacent corner of her right eye.

"Oh, beg pardon!" she exclaimed, as Nat arose to hand her the signed contract and sub list. "I forgot to offer you a chair."

"Silly gump! Just like all forgetful editors. Why didn't you invite the gallant into the front auto view room?" snarled Mrs. G.

"Maybe this gentleman is himself a poet, or staff war contributor for Russia."

"Yes, I am," laughed Nat, as he twisted up his auburn mustache, as tho he might also be a German spy.

"I adore that up-turned hair under your nose. It shows you have vitality and you by nature know how to turn up

things, and maybe turn over carrots in rings," chided Mabel. "Would you condescend to become my staff contributor at \$1 a word?"

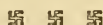
"Most assuredly; positively certain," coughed Nat, with clinching emphasis on every binding synonym. "I have always told dad I'll be in Teddy's class some day as a writer, if not as a fighter. But I'd like to write my first article not on war, nor of Bull Moose, but this, "Will you marry me?"

"Sure, of course, you know—why yes, here take the money," shuffled Mrs. Romanoff Good excitedly, as tho she was trying to barter her roaming daughter off, while she counted the gold dosh into Nat's blood hot, emotional, tingling palms.

"Now for the contract," joyed Mabel.

When she read, "This certifies that Nat Rep sold 5000 sub list and good will of 'Love's Weekly Record' to Mabel Good for \$998.69 cash," the damsel keeled over, like a Laconia ship hit by a German sub.

Now the "L. W. R." is also defunct, but Nat Rep and Mabel, are continually originating new papers, advertising and selling their sub lists for ten times more than they had obtained for poetry, stories and other magazine articles.



"Beware of the calf-moon," and the bull-star.



"Beware of the nizy, gouk, kaloop," also the nincompoop.

The Contest

Nat Rep, a poor Hoosier mortal, had a "national rep" as a winner of prizes in contests. When the Farmers' Institute was in session, Nat won first prize for best ten ears of yellow dent corn—a nickel plated, fancy saddle given by Sol Baum, the genial Jew merchant of Persimmons ville. But the ten ears had been mooched from various neighboring fields.

When the Keher Picture Show offered ten gold bucks for the most beautiful baby of Persimmons ville, Nat won by borrowing Cousin John B. Brown's pretty, dimpled baby. Nat believed not only that to those who have shall be given, but he knew if one gets the best from others, he can win honors more worthy than Bridge booby prizes.

Recently Nat saw an announcement that The Roaster of Evansville, Ind., would give a Ford Touring auto, or \$685 in cash, to the person getting most subscribers in specified time. So Nat, living near, accosted the editor.

"I want to win that anto, but I wish to win with as little work as possible. I believe in planning ahead and in practical management."

"Alright; what is your idea?" asked Editor Bosstee.

"Let me know how many subscriptions the person got in order to win the auto in your former contest."

"We can't deviate from iron-clad rules. We must treat all contestants alike," argued the Roaster man.

"But you can also tell the other contestants what you tell me."

"Yes, but if we disclose the number of subs it takes to win, then many solicitors won't hustle as they do so long as they imagine it requires many subs to win the prize," smiled the wily editor.

"Then let me ask, can you do this: After you have made the final highest count, could I pay you sufficient of my own money to send your paper a year to a similar quota of friends and one over, and thus win the auto?"

"What!" yelled Mr. Bosstee, "you mean to bribe me? That would be illegal, according to Postal laws. In fact, it places you, in my estimation, as a more damnable schemer

than a grafting politician. I cannot waste time on you. Remember, the condition of this contest is that he, or she, is winner of the anto who sends us the largest number of subs and money in envelope bearing postmark of respective towns and date, no later than 4 P. M. March 10th."

Quick as a wireless wave of thot Nat winked, grinning with satisfaction, then retreated. "Thanks, Mr. Bosstee, for your information."

The next day Nat got busy. He sent \$1 to the V. S. Clipping Bureau of Cincinnati, to supply him with clippings relating to subscription contests.

In a week Nat had data sufficient to realize that another sub contest for a \$1000 Hupp Auto was offered by the Efficiency Magazine of New York, said contest closing with postmark not later than 5 P. M. March 1. Another \$3000 Chalmers Auto contest by the Balance Magazine of Chicago, postmark to be not later than 6 P. M. April 1. The latter smacked of an April fool joke, but as the Post Office authorities permit no jocosity or fraud contests, Nat, therefore was confident of his ultimate success.

He used his elbow grease to make convincing gestures to his neighbors and soon won a few subs for each of the magazines—The Roaster, The Efficiency Magazine and The Balance. This he did so he would get regular reports from each publisher. Then he kept up his "watchful waiting" a la Wilson on Mexico.

Often the respective publishers would write: "Why don't you continue to hustle? You won the few thousand votes on first subs so quickly, we are positive you could win the auto if you persevere—for remember perseverance is the consistency of get-there!" Yet Nat sat on the lid mum as a taciturn Egyptian Mummy.

As those three contests closed barely half a month apart, Nat got in his work closely, shrewdly. He worked it thusly, as Pastor Russell would say: Nat addressed three envelopes respectively to The Roaster, Evansville, Ind., The Efficiency Magazine, N. Y., and The Balance Magazine, Chicago. These he mailed on varied dates a few days before each contest closed. Then he waited to see that the letter in question was postmarked. As Persimmons ville morning mail never goes out till 6 P. M. train, Nat therefore had plenty of time to return to the Post office and reclaim his letter by faking:

"Postmaster, please give me the letter addressed so-and-so which I mailed this morning. I made a mistake and wish to recall the letter."

"Sure; certainly," the P. M. always obligingly replied, then ransacked the sacks till he got the precious missive.

With such canceled envelope as evidence of early, proper mailing, Nat gleed triumphantly.

When he received the final report from The Roaster contest, it said: "Billie Burke of Chrisney, Ind. won the \$685 Ford Touring Auto, she having secured 200,000 votes."

Thereupon Nat sent \$20 and the names of 20 friends to whom he ordered The Roaster as a gift, one year. He also sent \$1 extra to untie the count for Billie Burke. This letter was enclosed in the former postmarked and recalled envelope. When these letters were remailed Nat explained:

"This is the letter I recalled."

"Yes, I remember," owned the P. M. who wanted the honor of good memory in hopes to get more congressional taffy. As the stamp was canceled no other mark was placed thereon.

When the letter arrived at its destination the circulation manager of The Roaster said: "It's our mistake. We should have known Uncle Sam is sometimes dilatory in mail delivery. We should have held back the awards a few days. We must also award Nat Rep an auto, as he got one more subscriber than Miss Burke, and the postmark on his envelope is previous to our closing time of the contest."

In the same manner Nat convinced other publishers and won a fine \$1000 Limousine Hupp auto, but took the cash instead, from the Efficiency Magazine of New York, who evidently were not very efficient in circulation boosting methods.

When the local weekly Journal announced that Nat Rep won another prize in sub contest, this time a \$3000 Chalmers Sedan car from the Balance Magazine of Chicago, the public grew suspicious.

Nat was now photographed, interviewed and heralded as the champion winner of prizes in America. No other mortal had ever won three superb autos in 15 days. But if the people knew what little soliciting Nat did to capture those autos, they would have been still more astounded. Surely Nat Rep was an originator, an organizer and a keen observer. Doubtless many others will try to imitate him since I have disclosed the plot. However, it has just been discovered that poor Nat Rep is a tramp detective of Uncle Sam's Secret Service Dept. and he planned those tests to trap local postmasters and the publishers. Although Nat found no convicting evidence against anyone, he profited by the graft. But now the genial, agile Nat Rep has been arrested by Federal Authorities because of his imposition on the pliant publishers and the gullible public.

The Henequen Harvest

Herold Maceo was a poor Chicago lad, suffering with "T. B." He was deeply in love with Grace Reynolds, the youngest, debonair, beautiful daughter of the wealthy District Attorney. To get the inevitable match broken, Tilden Reynolds, the father, proposed to Herold:

"I have 10,000 acres of land in Yucatan Province, Mexico, which I obtained by granting my political influence to a former President. There grows the henequen, the aroma of which is excellent to cure tuberculosis—"

"Do you think I have it?" interrupted Herold, as he pinched his flabby cheek, while the skin retained a pale, sunken detonation wherever he pressed his body.

"Yes, tho your kin vehemently deny it, because they want you to marry Grace. Now I'll deed you those 10,000 acres if you go immediately, then stay there and raise goats for your living. Mind—you must never write to Grace, nor come back!"

"That's a cold-hearted proposition; but I'll see what mother and Grace say," Herold replied feebly but manfully.

"Never mind what Grace says, and as for your mother, I'll give you tickets so you can take her along. If you wish the 10,000 acres then speak up NOW! Here is the deed all signed," sternly gritted the States' officer.

Herold meekly took the deed, then slowly placed it and the Steamship tickets in his vest pocket, while he slipped out of that granite-sculptured office to which he had been summoned by phone. His eyes glared like the green flash of a spotted leopard in the River of Doubt jungle.

That night he confided with Grace in the Lincoln Park, where she attested: "Sorry, but go as a brave man, for I believe you would regain your health, then you can come back to claim me, which shall be real romance for me."

"But your father said I must never come back."

"Did you promise?"

"No."

"There is always a way for God to lead right if we do all in our might."

"Then good-by," he trembled, as he kissed the cheery damsel.

As she flitted across the campus, Herold waited to see that she stepped safely into the Reynolds domicile, then he plodded home; but it seemed the waves of the lake Michigan were surging with huger tides, the gulls dipped deeper into the moon-lit foam of the blue waters and the air was excessively salty.

Monday came when Herold and his mother used the Reynolds passage ticket for Progreso, Mexico. It was a long yet not lonesome voyage, for amid the modern luxury afloat Herold made a few anchoring friendships.

While going around Cape Horn, Captain Agile spied Herold on the upper deck chatting with Senora GaBatta, a pretty, oval-faced, dark-eyed, dimpled brunette of a wealthy Progreso rancher.

"Yes," assured Senora GaBatta, "I am *quieto positivo* you will regain your health! A young diabetic man came from the States just a few months ago, and he has gained ten pounds. I *observar* that you write a very nice hand, therefore I may be able to get you a position with my father, who is also Postmaster and Banker of Progreso. Of course you will write to your girl at home," she chided.

"Certainly. I hope to mail this, as soon as we land," replied Herold, as he folded his letter. He saw his mother approaching from the star-board, so he quickly concealed the letter, then he arose from his racket seat, while he said, "Mother, meet Senora GaBatta, a new friend of mine." Mrs. Maceo bowed her respects, but Captain Agile, her Mexican escort, sniffed his nose. As they sauntered away, the big fellow on whose arm the Chicago lady was leaning, exasperated: "Who is that shriveled up brat?"

"He's my only child."

"He, your son? Impossible! Well, he better watch out. How can such a poor looking guy form the acquaintance of such a refined, wealthy lady? Senora GaBatta, whom I tried to win—"

"What! You did? Then leave me." Mrs. Maceo jerked loose from her escort's arm, then rushed back to meet Herold. She found them dining and wining.

"Join us," heaved Senora GaBatta, as she lifted a glass, and Mrs. Maceo drank, after seated.

"What do you expect to do in Mexico? Raise another revolution?" smiled the Senora.

"Herold, I think, expects to raise wheat and corn, as they do in the States."

"What!" gasped Senora GaBatta. "But, dear lady, those crops don't grow in Yucatan Province; besides, the land At-

torney Reynolds deeded to your son, as he told me, is all rocky and grows only cacti and henequen."

"Well, if the aroma of the henequen cures my son's lungs, I will be well repaid, for I have a few hundred dollars on which to live for a while."

They had not been in port long when a telegram was handed to Herold, which read: "Father sternly protests, so please don't write. Besides, I met another young man who seems to think much of me. So good luck to you and yours. GRACE."

"This undoubtedly is a case of a man in a strange country where natives are kinder than the folks of his former home," was all Herold ventured, as he bit the yellow telegram, then poked it into his pants pocket.

Mexican carts and donkeys carried their belongings to their rancho, where they built them a *wikiup* as a sheltering home. They found financial and social conditions in worse predicament than any Socialist welfare in the United States of America. The surroundings of the country were enormously rough; the prospect of making a decent-wage living seemed meager and precarious. However, just that year the report came that the Spanish-American war prohibited the importing of Manila hemp to the U. S. A. As a token of loyal love, Herold had just sent Miss Grace a long, green henequen leaf. Her father gobbled the opportunity. Industries of manufacturing twine were shifted from Manila to Progresso; because within a few months big capitalists at the head of the twine industries secretly bought large tracts of land from the Mexican Government at 10c and 25c per acre. Huge yards were enclosed for storing, and facilities erected to harvest and prepare henequen, which grew wild and prolific, hence it was shipped to America for use in the production of sisal twine, then to bind wheat, oats, rye, barley, corn, etc., in the great States.

Herold found most of his 10,000 acres contained a thick growth of henequen; therefore, he soon contracted to deliver leaves of henequen at 75c per 1,000, to the mills and dry sheds. As he had learned some Spanish, he could manage the peon Mala Indians whom he hired at 36c gold per diem, to assist him in the harvest. Thus, in constant contact with the juice and agave, the pain in Harold's lung ceased, his jaundice skin cleared, his sebaceous glands fattened, he ate heartily and lived in open air; therefore, he became a new man, virile, handsome, the joy of his faithful mother, who had raised a few goats to furnish them kumiss in the battle.

Senora GaBatta now often was in company of Herold and the two planned and built the famous church on the San

Agnacio Haicienda, ten miles from Progreso, which her father owns. They also framed laws so every ranch of 1,000 peons must foster a church. It is now a pretty sight to behold the peon white huts scattered over the vast henequen haicienda, and especially interesting to see the thousands of laborers garbed in pure white tulle as they joyously gather the long, slender, thick leaves which are manufactured into cords, or ties to bind the Staff of Life for America and the world. Thus, once a desolate, poverty-stricken country has developed until today it is the richest Province in Mexico, all because Herold, the deported yet devoted invalid, made use of nature's resources and opportunities for love captured the greatest trade of the world for Mexico, when Herold sent his old sweetheart, Grace Reynolds, that leaf of henequen.

It takes seven years to grow a tree large enough for commercial profit; but since the Spanish war, millions of acres have been improved and planted. In one year Progreso now exports 850,000 bales, while Merida, the capitol of the Province, a city of 60,000, boasts of sixty millionaires—which far exceeds the New York per capita capacity, or supply. But beautiful Senora GaBatta died.

Attorney Reynolds took "T. B." and Grace took him to Progreso. He never attempted to challenge the title of the deed to the supposed worthless 10,000 acres of land he gave away, but believing he had been duped with it as a political prize and in turn he aimed to cut-throat cupid's heart. Reynolds grew better, aided Herold and reaped an enormous fortune by having sent Herold as he did. Therefore, one golden moonlight evening, while picking hibiscus and other tropical flowers, amid cabbage-palms and silvery grey moss, promenading with Grace, Herold declared anew his heart:

"We have known each other long enough as sweethearts; now, if I suit your congenial temperament, and, providing you believe I am able to cherish and provide for you, then let us ask the pastor whether he will obey cupid's request to pronounce us lovers for life?" and he kissed her kind, sweet hands gently, while Grace smiled; then brushing her massive black hair back, she tilted her head in soul's rapture: "I shall say YES to that, if you deposit the kiss where it belongs," and saying so she coyly pointed her cream finger to her large, red lips.

Herold obeyed, like a zephyr of sacredness honoring man, while he vindicated: "Come, let us wed, then go to my Casa Grande tonight!"

Table de Medico—Spencer County**Rockport, Ind.**

Dr. Shirley Lang.....	Phone 45-J
Dr. H. G. Weiss.....	Phone 100-J
Dr. Calder Ehrman	Phone 92-J
Dr. Otto Baumgartner	Phone 82-J
Dr. F. Hackleman, Coroner.....	Phone 356
Dr. G. J. Smith, Dentist.....	Phone 15-J
Dr. S. F. Bosler, Dentist.....	Phone 326-W
Dr. W. E. Hartley, Veterinary.....	Phone 103
Dr. Eva Buxton	Phone 107-J

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Dr. Malousky	Phone 89-M
Dr. A. H. Kokomoor.....	Phone 64
Dr. John Beardsley.....	Phone 73
Dr. W. H. Williams.....	Phone 21

Grandview, Ind.

Dr. H. Q. White.....	Phone 233-J
Dr. Herb Stuteville.....	Phone 212-J
Dr. Chris Biedenkopf.....	Phone 221-J
Dr. Will Titus.....	Phone 233-J

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Dr. L. O. Walters, Chrisney, Ind.....	Phone 2-W
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Dr. H. T. Harter, Newtonville, Ind.....	Phone 35
Dr. J. P. Coultas, Bristow, Ind.....	Phone 5-J
Dr. N. L. Medcalf, Lamar, Ind.....	Phone 30-W
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Dr. Claud Lormax, St. Meinard, Ind.....	Phone 18-J
Dr. C. H. Adye, Patronville, Ind.....	Phone 318-J

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Swan & Mason.....	Phone 121
F. A. Heuring.....	Phone 186
Emery E. Boyd.....	Phone 64-W
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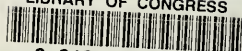
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